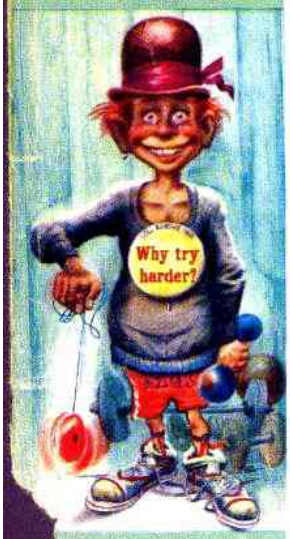
SEPTEMBER, No.55



LET US ENTERTAIN YOU

THE NEW FAR-OUT UNDER-GROUND PSYCHEDELIC FREAK-SCENE CULTURE

extra: BOBBY KENNEDY PRIMER

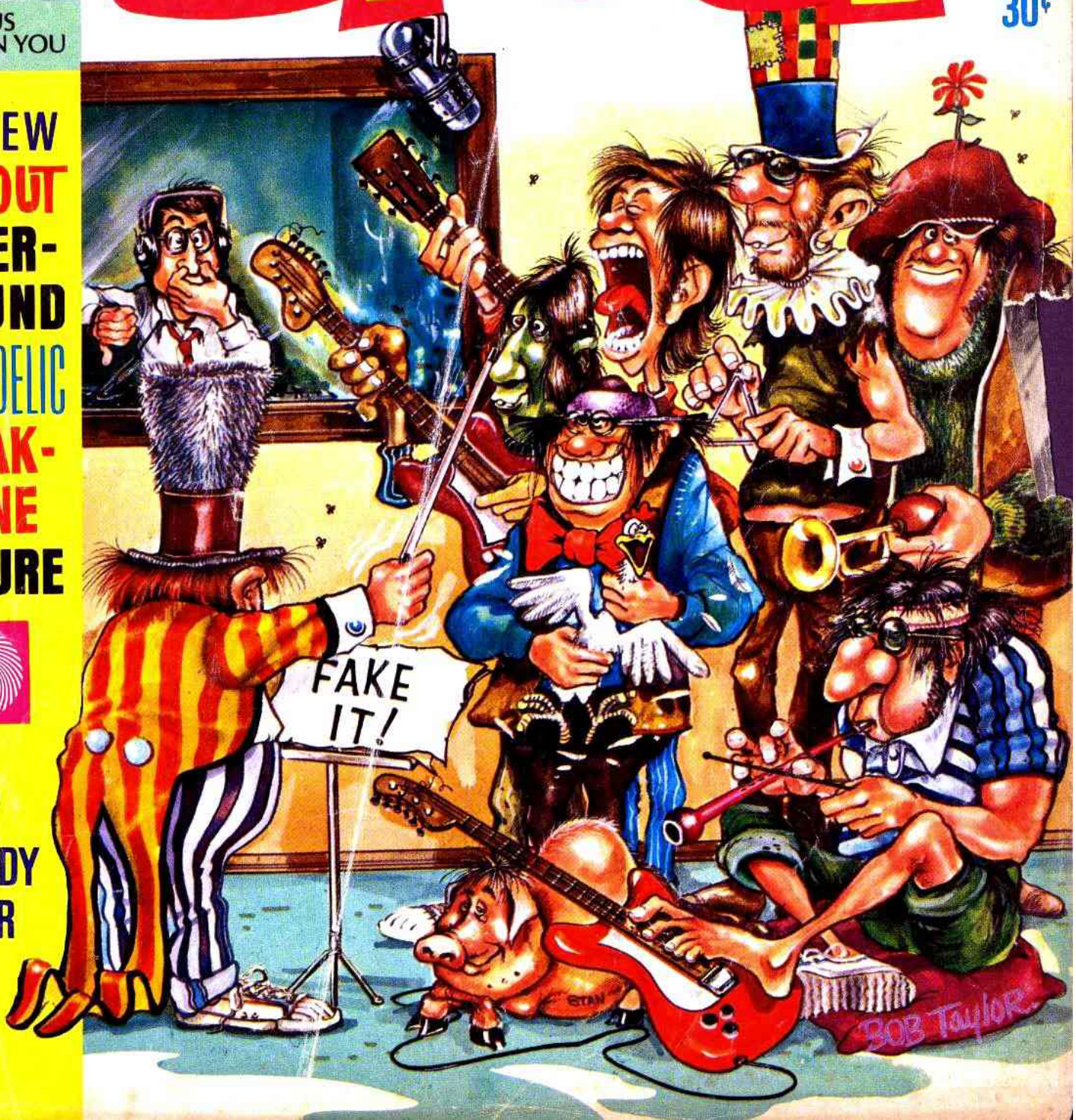
SICK

This Issue is **WHAT'S HAPPENING, BABY!**
(WHEN YOU DON'T PLAN IT RIGHT)

SPOOF

PDC

30¢



Splendid!
Another volunteer.

The Psyche-delic Scene

SICK SPOOF

Volume 7, No. 7 September, 1967 No. 55

THE UNDERGROUND CULTURE
Nowadays, instead of painting the town, teenagers in the psychedelic set are busy painting each other. And some of the art work has the touch of real genius. In fact, kids who used to hang around the pool-rooms are now hanging in museums—by their thumbs! Underground movies are also very big this season. That is, everywhere except Ed Norton's sewer—he can't stand the smell! 11

THE PSYCHEDELIC SOUND
People are wondering how these cool musicians come up with that out-of-this-world psychedelic sound. Easy. They merely ignore the notes on the music paper, and play the fly-specks instead. 21

A CHILD'S GUIDE TO BOBBY KENNEDY
Even if teens can't vote, they may yet get a teen-age president (or a reasonable facsimile) as Bobby Kennedy crosses swords with L.B.J. for the top office in the land 28

SICK MOVIE REVIEW
"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum" describes the wild doings in decadent Rome: Girls dancing on table tops! Insane music playing! Everybody out of his mind with wine! Come to think of it, this could be a description of your friendly neighborhood discotheque 33

SICK CALL
That's where they'll put you, once you've seen these stomach-turning shots of hospital life. In fact, the author of these captions needs medical help desperately—he thinks that they're funny! To tell the truth, you'll probably get more laughs from the X-Rays of Ben ("Run For Your Life") Gazzara's fatal disease! 46

Joe Simon, *Editor*... **Fred Wolfe, *Associate Editor***

Paul Laikin, *New York Correspondent* ... **Jim Atkins, *Washington Correspondent***
Bob Powell, *Art Director* **Melissa Jane, *Messages***

James Richard, *Campus*
Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Fran Dibacco, *Science*
Ivan Golownjew, *Moscow*
Calvin Castine, *Champlain*

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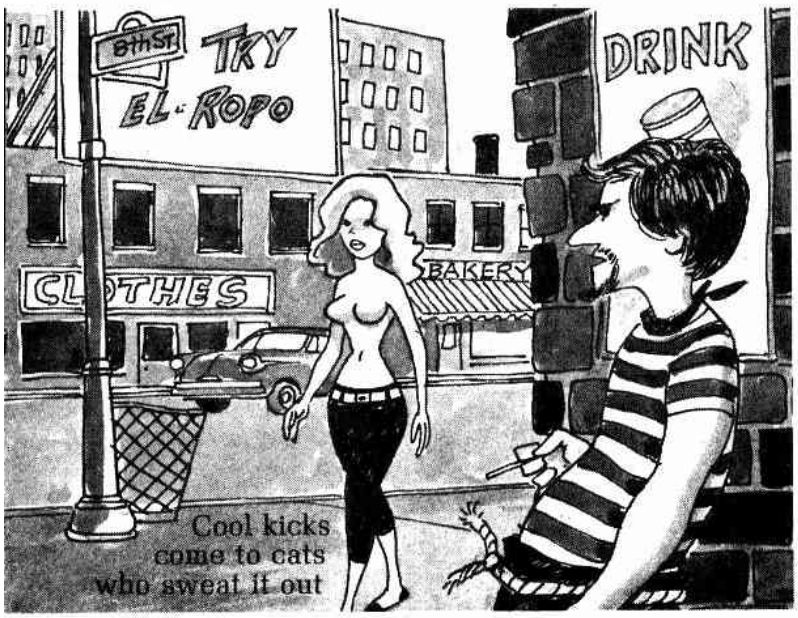
SIGHTSEERS: INTERPRET THE NATIVES WITH THIS

HIPPIES' HANDBOOK OF SQUARE OLD PROVERBS

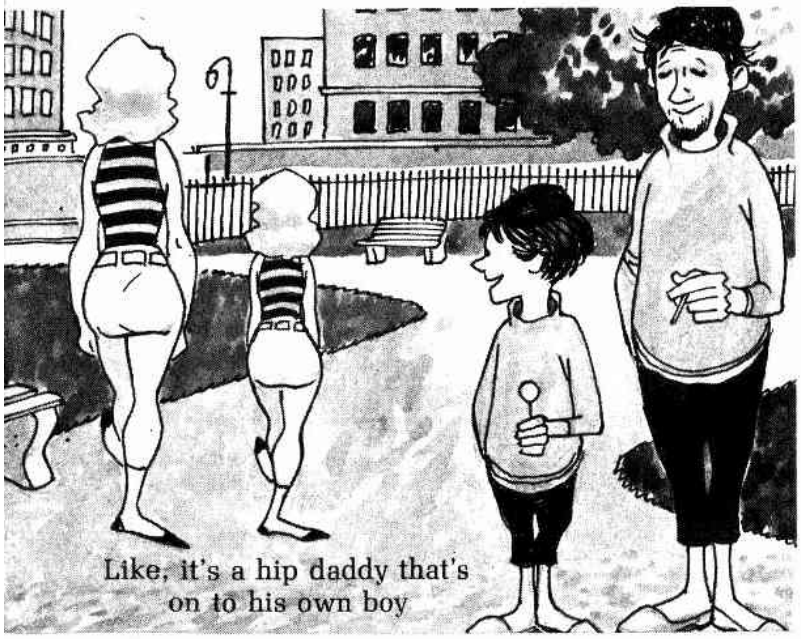
Art by George Tuska

Script by Paul Laikin

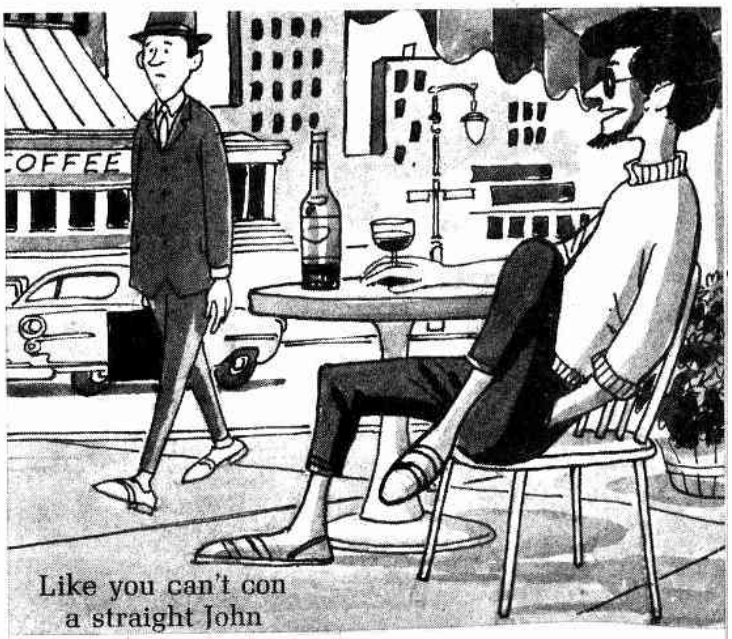


Good things come to those who wait

Love thy neighbor



Tis a wise father that knows his own son

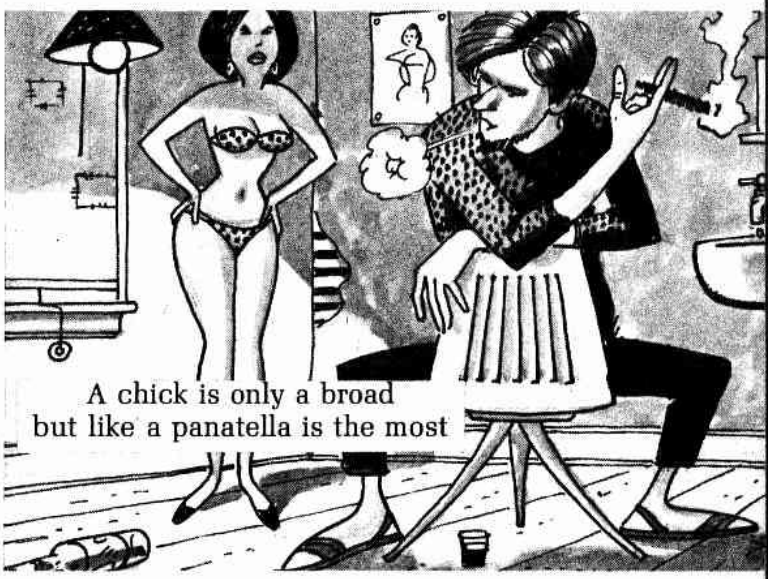


You can't cheat an honest man

I came, I saw, I conquered

He who hesitates is lost

Honor thy father and thy mother



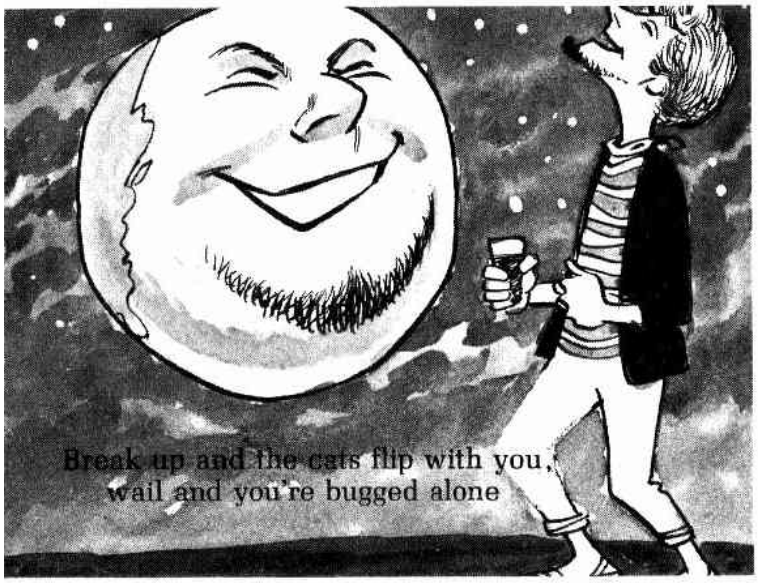
A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke

Honesty is the best policy

Keep your chin up

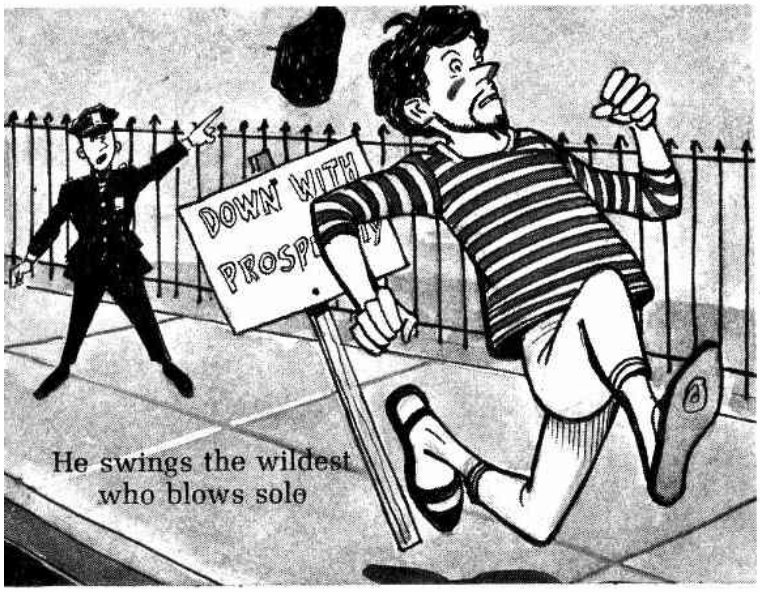
Go west, young man!

Where there's smoke there's fire

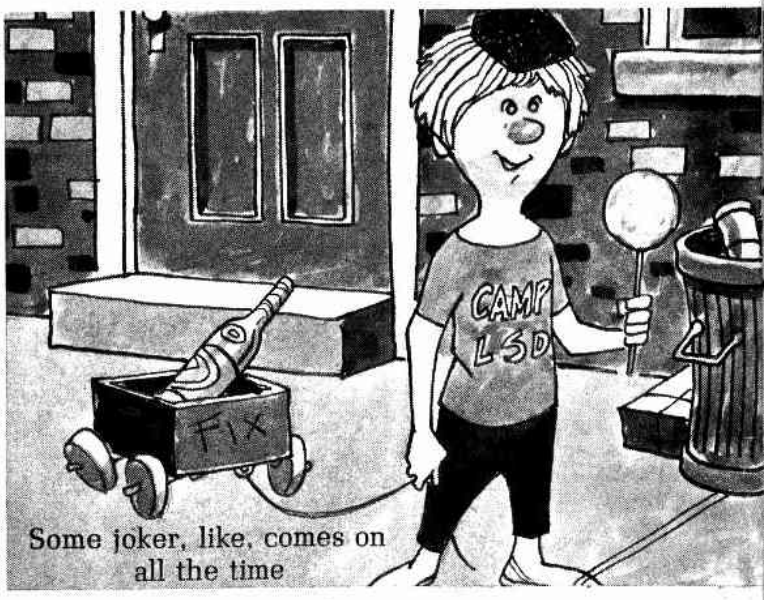


Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you cry alone

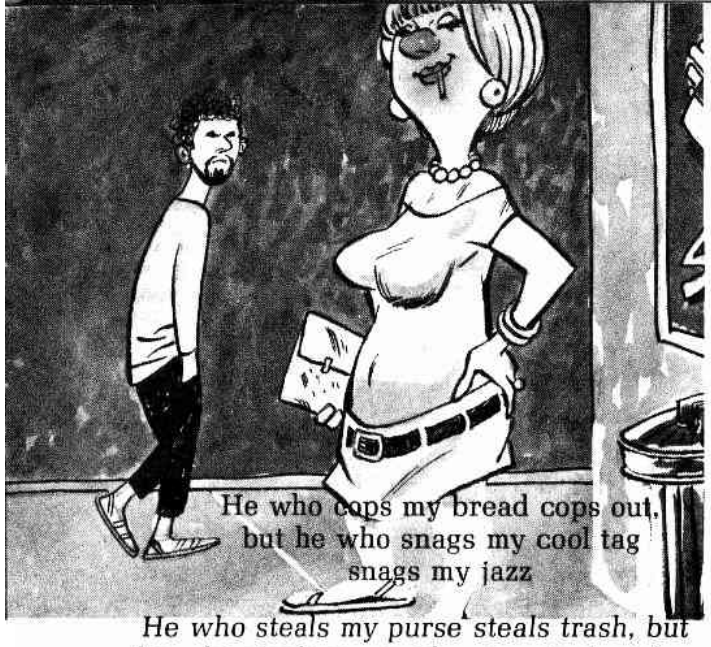
Out of the mouths of babes oftimes come gems



He travels fastest who travels alone



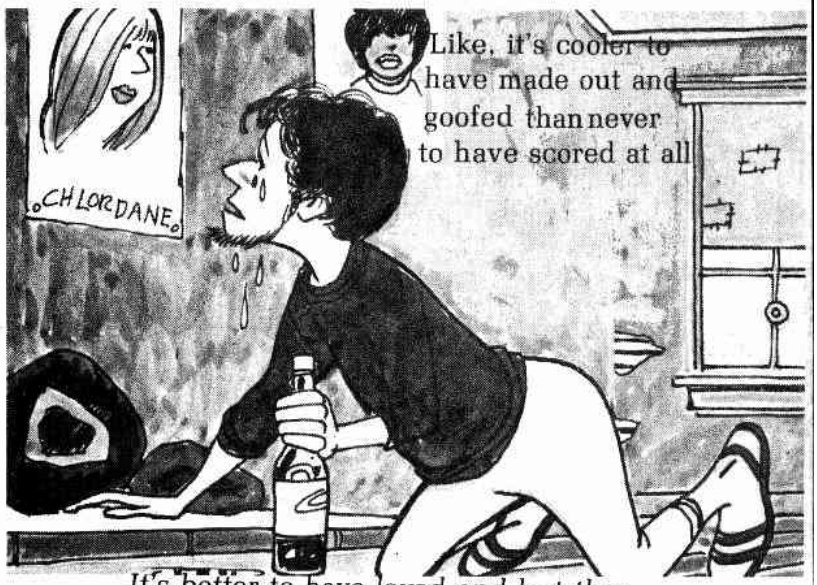
There's a sucker born every minute



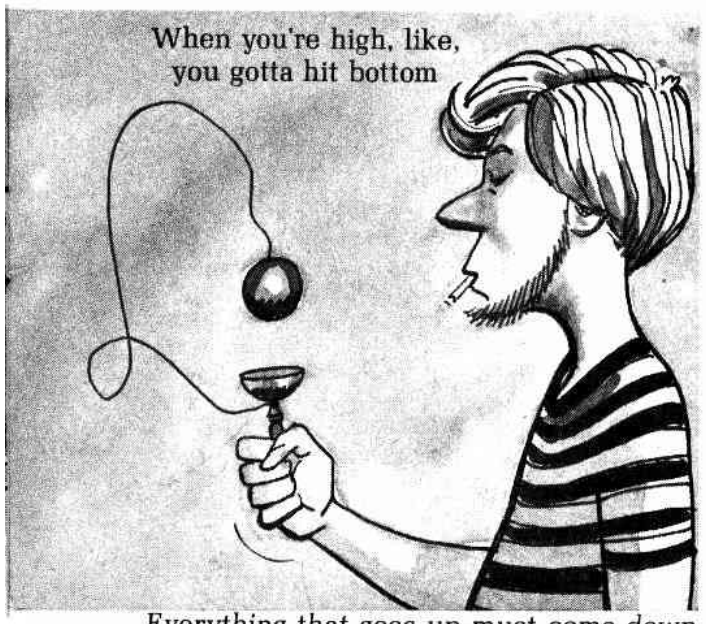
He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who steals my good name steals riches

Speak softly and carry a big stick

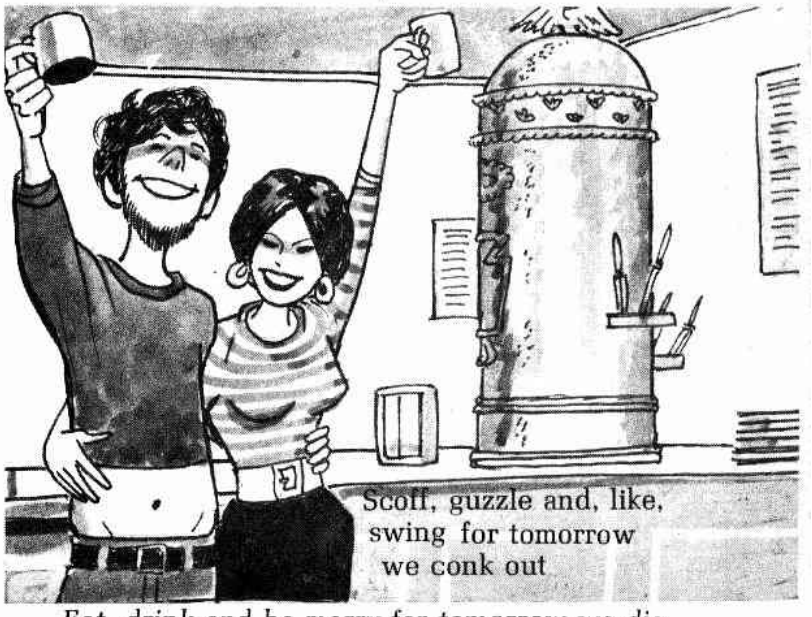
A thing of beauty is a joy forever



It's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all



Everything that goes up must come down



Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die

Please address all correspondence to:
Sick Magazine
32 West 22 Street
New York, N. Y. 10010

While the rest of the fellows here at school, a well known English University stolen during the Middle Ages and hidden in the north woods of Maine and maintained since then with the same values, rules and teaching ideas, are studying for exams, I was deeply engrossed in reading your magazine from cover to cover. Well now in deference to the men in white coats I have to admit that I did laugh, only once, but I did laugh. In hopes that the humor of your other publications contain equal value I am requesting that you send me not only the "Sick Birthday Special," but also the "Big Sick Yearbook." I'll need something to keep up my sense of humor when trying to explain to the Dean the fact that on my final English exams I wrote King Lear into a skit on the Ed Sullivan show portraying London Lee in a motorcycle raid on Ye Old Royal Palace.

Michail McLeroy
Brunswick, Me.

Ed: We're interested in knowing which joke you laughed at. We need a laugh, too.

I think it's really "Sicksational," please keep up your Sickness. I'll pass on my Sick to others. If some of the readers could send me some old copies I should be delighted.

I am also interested in some nice curvey girls, widows and divorcees, who are regular readers of Sick (and sexy) to be my pen-pals. I am only 33 but can do anything a 23-year-old could. I am interested in most things and all types of women, any race, creed, color.

1066 Sgt. Alex Alvares
1 Signal Squadron
P.O. Box 2756
Lusaka Zambia

Ed: What would you rather have—old copies of Sick or old broads?

Didn't even buy the second annual magazine cuz you didn't have any of Bob Taylor's work in it. How come? He's the best cartoonist you've ever had and you know it. Jack Davis is "old hat" already. Bob's work is better because he's so versatile. Bring him back!

Dawn Hughes
Paris, Ont., Canada

Ed: If you didn't buy it, how come you know so much about it?

I'm a member of the United States Marine Corps and I received a copy of your magazine from one of my sick relatives.

I enjoy reading it, and want you to keep up the good work. I can't tell who is sicker, you or the Viet-Cong.

Would appreciate it if you would put the following item in your want ad section.

WANTED, GIRLS: Pen pal type. To write marine fighting in a sick country (Vietnam). Ages 18 and up. I'm 21, blond hair, blue eyes, and stand 5'11" tall. Please enclose photo.

Donald L. Skortz
2nd BN 12th Marines "E" Btry.
F.P.O. San Francisco, Calif.

Those Aussie dingles who write in trying to degrade one of the greatest satire magazines in the whole U.S. of A., only do it because they lack the initiative to create any super-funny sick stuff of their own. Those lymie-ruled dunces who hide behind their mother's apron strings spitting out bunk wouldn't really know what to do if they didn't get SICK'S spoofing literature. I dare any, but any, austere Aussie tag-team to get in a ring with me and the champ, Huckleberry Fink.

And that fink from Mexico (wherever that is) who thinks these letters printed in Sickcerely Yours are fake...I wonder if he ever recognized the fact that maybe he's too illiterate to read, not to mention comment, on SICK'S neat nonsense.

NEXT ISSUE...SICK VISITS THE

Inventors Show

DID YOU KNOW...

You can make a fortune with that new, unusual idea!! SICK tells you how in the next issue, as we give full coverage to the **INTERNATIONAL INVENTORS AND NEW PRODUCTS EXHIBITION** at the New York Coliseum.

...**SEE** the world's wildest new inventions!
...**READ** about the SICK booth at the exhibition!
...**PLUS** a special section on SICK readers' inventions!

DON'T MISS THE NEXT SWINGING ISSUE OF SICK (No. 56). Order your copy now from your jolly newsdealer.

Besides, how does he think his insane letter got there?

Samuel Olney
Victor, New York

Ed: Our Sick foreign policy isn't doing too well.

I got my very first copy from my older brother. This magazine is loaded! Those nuts from Australia and Canada go soak it if they don't like "Sick." It's a fabulous magazine. I would also like to inform any lonely males on this earth to write to me if they are between the ages of 15 to 19. I'm a blonde green-eyed female, aged 15 and a high school sophomore.

Lana Eubanks
1932 Old Gate Lane
Garland, Texas 75040

Ed: You're going to get some love letters from Australia and Canada.

What's with the "Anti-Australia" caper in all editions of Sick. What did we do wrong already?

Trevor Blargreaves
Coorparoo,
Brisbane, Queensland,
Australia.

Ed: Cool it, Trevor- we may be negotiating a peace treaty.

I buy a Sick Magazine everytime I skip school, and that's a lot of times! I am 16, 5' 7", I have brown hair, and three eyes, minus one, green in color. Please tell all the very pretty girls who like the beach, and surfers to drop me a line or two.

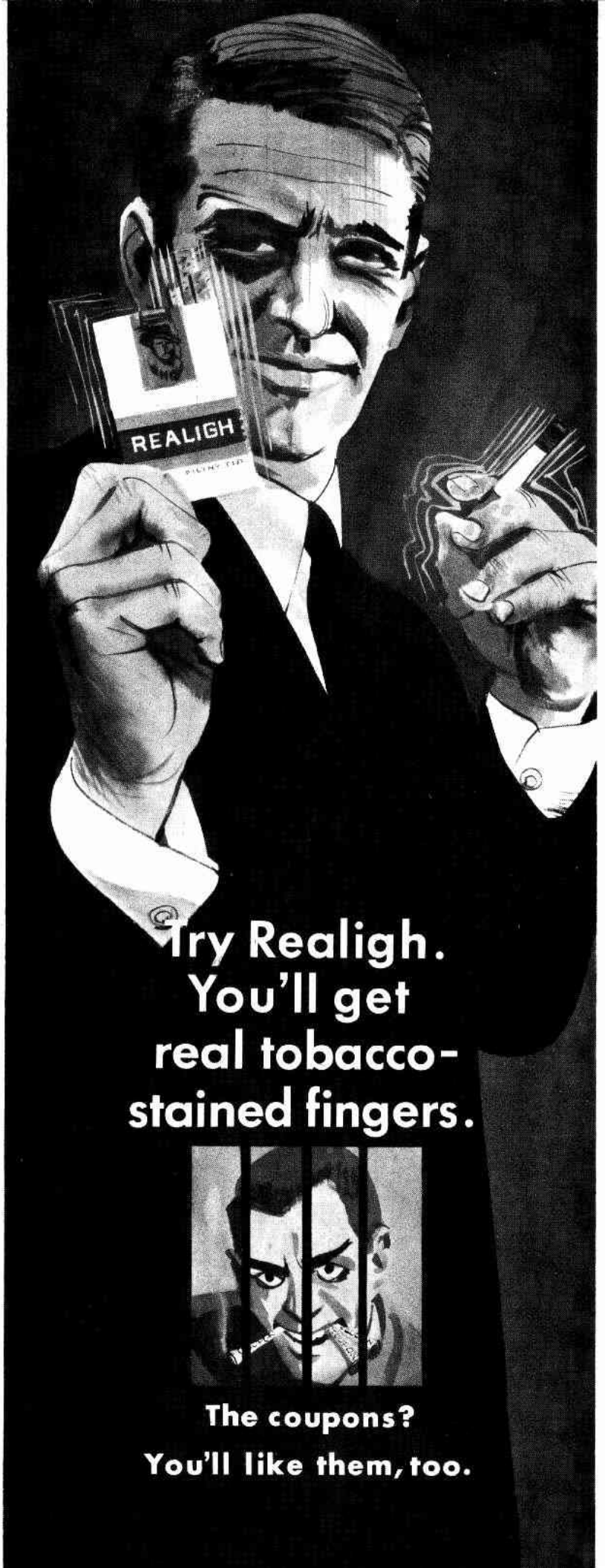
Butch Halverson
356 Cottonwood Street
Burklournett, Texas, 76354.

Ed: Write care of the Truant Officer.

You make me tick, flick, flick. You turn me on like an atomic bomb. Your magazine blows my mind, to think way out in the time. Your looks is the wick of the in crowd, Sick, Sick, Sick, Flick, Flick, Flick. We dig your book to the utter most end, that's why we want to be one of your living pens. May we request to join the group, that never droops, the pals of the pen.

Fondala Swartz
P.O. Box 231
Warrenville, Illinois

Ed: Write us a letter in English and we'll consider your request, whatever it is.

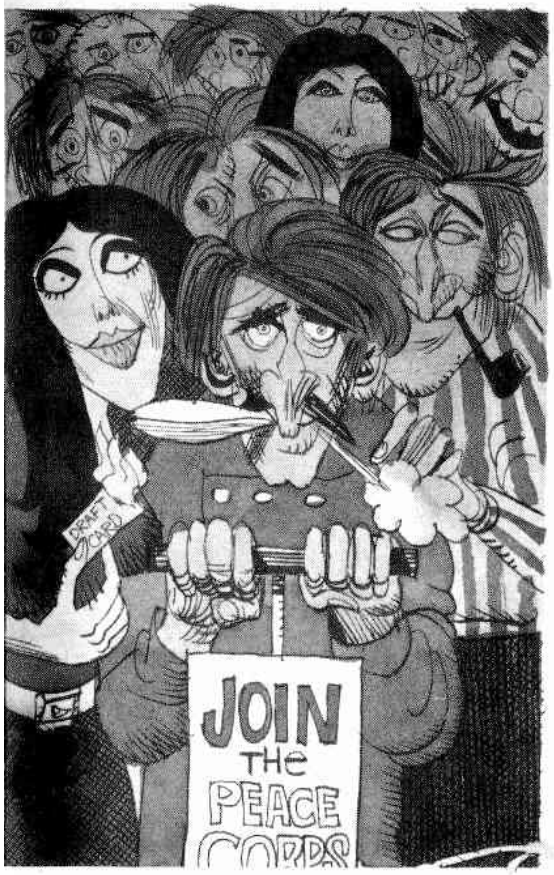


The Underground CULTURE

A new wave of culture, or more accurately, a sub-culture is taking roots among the esthetics of the land—**the Underground.** Every creative role is broken as the proponents of this explosive artistic force try to express themselves completely and without restraint. Plays are written between "mind-blowing" sessions of LSD on low-calorie sugar cubes; dances staged by pot smokers who find that their filters taste better than the pot, movies are made by welfare recipients who shoot eight-hour films of each other standing in line, and poems are composed by rich kids away from home who grow beards to keep from paying the barbers any of their fathers' hard-earned money.

Yes, it's the Underground, and the H-boys are with it. It's freedom and the rules are vague but it is also communication among the unwashed.

Here, staring you in the mouth, is Hashish Contemptioni, the deepest Underground hipster. He has twice created Happenings for which he was arrested by "Fascist" policemen in New York City who didn't dig having Police Headquarters blown up. On the next few pages you will see some of his latest efforts in creative vandalism, exploding paintings and some clips from his newest film, a 32-hour opus entitled "I Like My Mommy, But I Like Poppy Better."

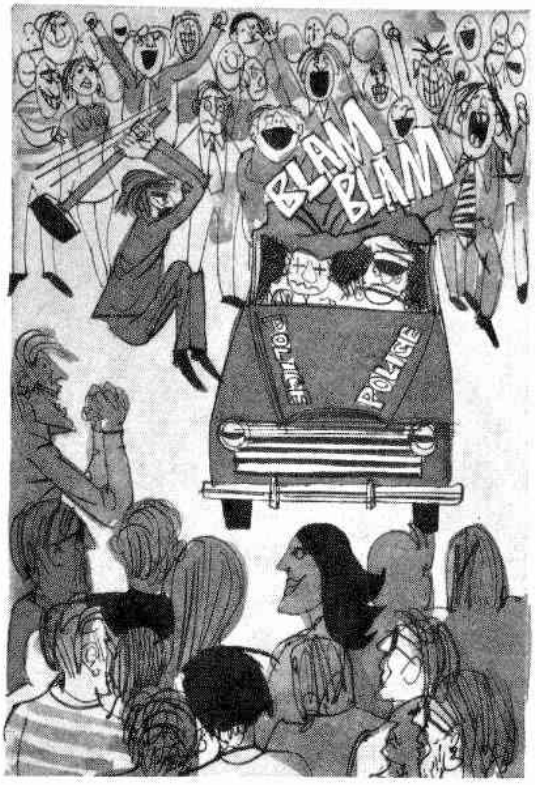


Hashish is surrounded by his followers as he is about to demonstrate his new "Destruction In Art." Boy at Hashish's right was severely injured later, when somebody stepped on his hair.

This is the famous painting, "Homage to a Square" (# 12). Now watch closely as Hashish pushes the plunger and blows his mind and painting.

The ultimate masterpiece. Hashish won the Venice Biennial Grand Prize and second prize at the Annual Demolition Workers' Convention at Banana, Fla. last Winter.

He never knows when the creative (or destructive) urge will overwhelm him. Being a versatile artist he has a deep interest in sculpture as well as painting.

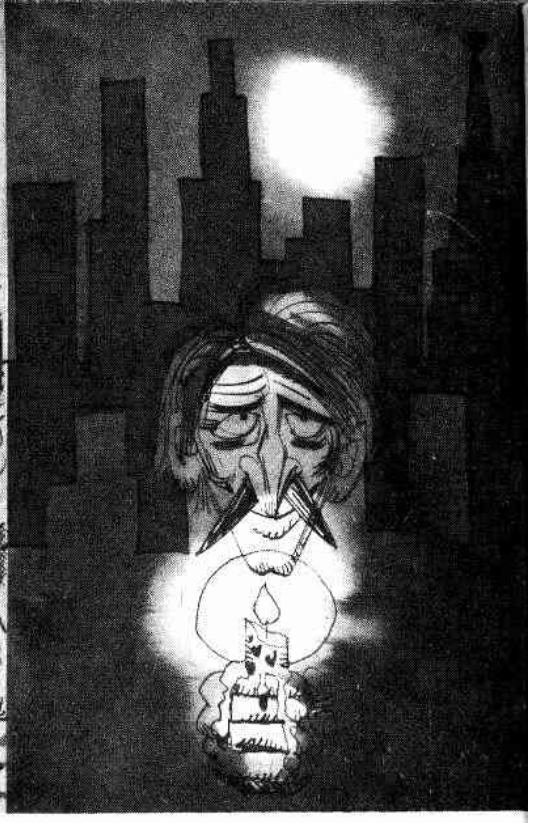


Here the creative intensity is a Scout car. As you are probably aware, crushed car sculpture is a very "in" thing. Especially if policemen are used in the sculpture.

The museums snatch these things up like hot cakes. Prices range from $1360 for a Volkswagen to as much as $32,000 for a Rolls Royce.

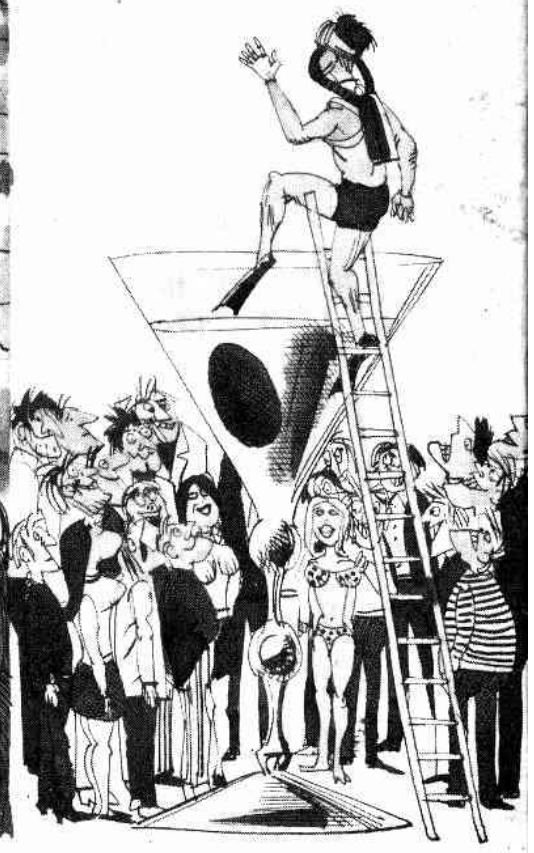
Hashish is renowned for his "piano-smashings." This developed from an early hatred of piano. His mother made him practice while other boys played baseball. Hence, the baseball bat. Later he smashed a baseball bat with a piano.

Many New York street and gang fights are not merely fights at all, but actual "Happenings" created by Hashish and his colleages. Notice Hashish's clever use of the common Croquet mallet.



His greatest "Happenings" to date are the Great New York Blackout and the Sinking of the Andrea Doria. Hashish is a devotee of the famous Albert Einstein, whose theory created one of the biggest Happenings of all time.

Because of the Cancer scare, Hashish and his group have experimented with smoking other things than tobacco, sometimes with disasterous results, like jail sentences.



When this group throws a cocktail party they turn it into a Happening and everyone dives in. That's not an olive in that Martini, it's a watermelon.

An example of one of Hashish's famous Banana Happenings. To get the correct effect, stare at the picture with arc light flashing and several hi-fi's blaring full blast, all playing different music.

PSYCHEDELIC FASHIONS

Most of the current Underground fashion consists mainly of unwashed characters wearing Salvation Army sandals and flop-house reject sweaters. Bad image, baby! If this movement is to gain respect and momentum, they will have to come up with the type of stuff that will make the Mods look

In this **Greenwich Village battle dress,** you probably won't have any luck with the girls—boys, yes!

Sure to be popular with the discotheque set is the **"Boot Hill'** model. Total cost: one shovel.

The **"Adam"** is simplicity itself. The tie is something Eve knitted together, while Adam was having his fig-leaf dry-cleaned.

This is the male half of a **Phyllis Diller's "His" and "Hers"** outfit.

Suits with **sayings** on them are really "in." You can easily do-it-yourself, by leaning on any wet sign.

This number could double as either the **White Knight's casual togs,** or Doris Day's basic dating outfit.

The **"Cape** Kennedy" number. Ideal attire for launching yourself on an L.S.D. "trip."

The **"Indoor Sports."** Especially great for checkers, as someone is bound to jump you.

The **"Op Art"** is perfect for convicts on the lam. They avoid capture by standing next to awnings and blending into the background

The **"Streetcar Named Desire"** model. The heart of this outfit consists of Marlon Brando's old sweat shirt.

This is not a new fashion. It's what's left of **Superman's** suit, after he got mugged in a telephone booth.

The **"Older Sister"** may seem rather "queer" at first glance. And, on second glance, you're positive—as this outfit is for boys.

like clods. On these pages, our Sick seamstress offers some Underground-inspired fashions designed to get this group a big following. Meaning, if you're crazy enough to wear this type of attire, you're bound to have people following you—with nets! So, latch on to these odd togs! It's the only clothing that allows **you** to be a Happening!

The **"Straitjacket"** is great for fathers—to put on daughters—to keep them from going to clothing sales.

The **"Military"** is great camouflage for girls who intend to follow their guys to Vietnam. War doesn't have to be hell!

This particular **"Movie Title"** dress is a "must," when attending a Marx Brothers film festival.

The **"Horoscope"** consists of pasties, cut in the shape of signs of the Zodiac. Makes fortune-telling a cinch (and a pleasure!)

The **"Barbed Wire"** is for the conscientious objector type girl—who objects to parked car maneuvers.

The **"Caught In The Shower Look."** Can be bought through French Army Surplus sales of old Brigitte Bardot towels.

Careful, fellas! This is really a **law-suit.** Just kick her and find out.

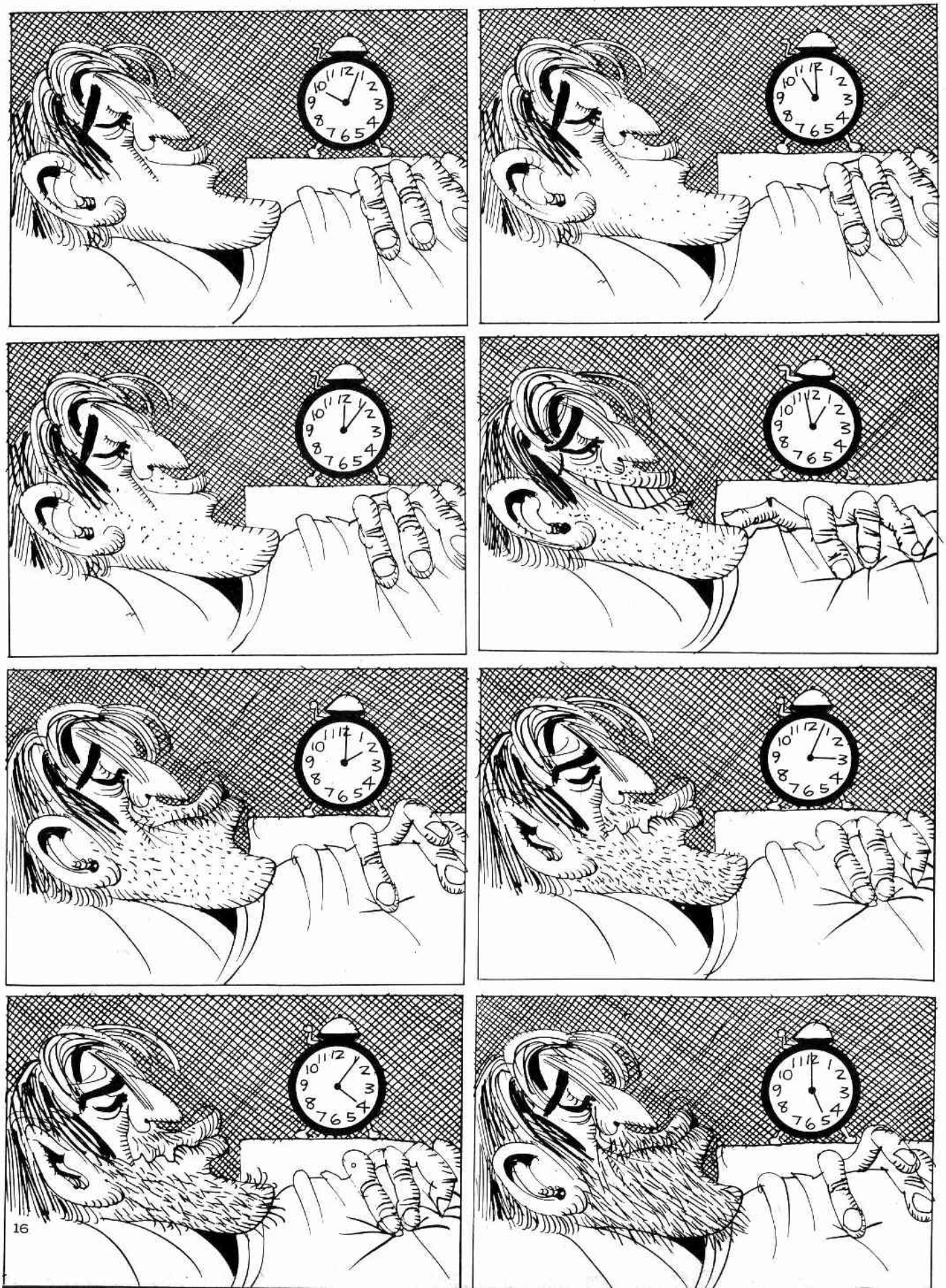
Presenting the **"Buckle,"** to replace the gradually vanishing mini-skirt. Don't touch the buckle, or you'll get a belt!

The **"Patriotic Look"** is one of the new paper dress styles. Anyone got a light?

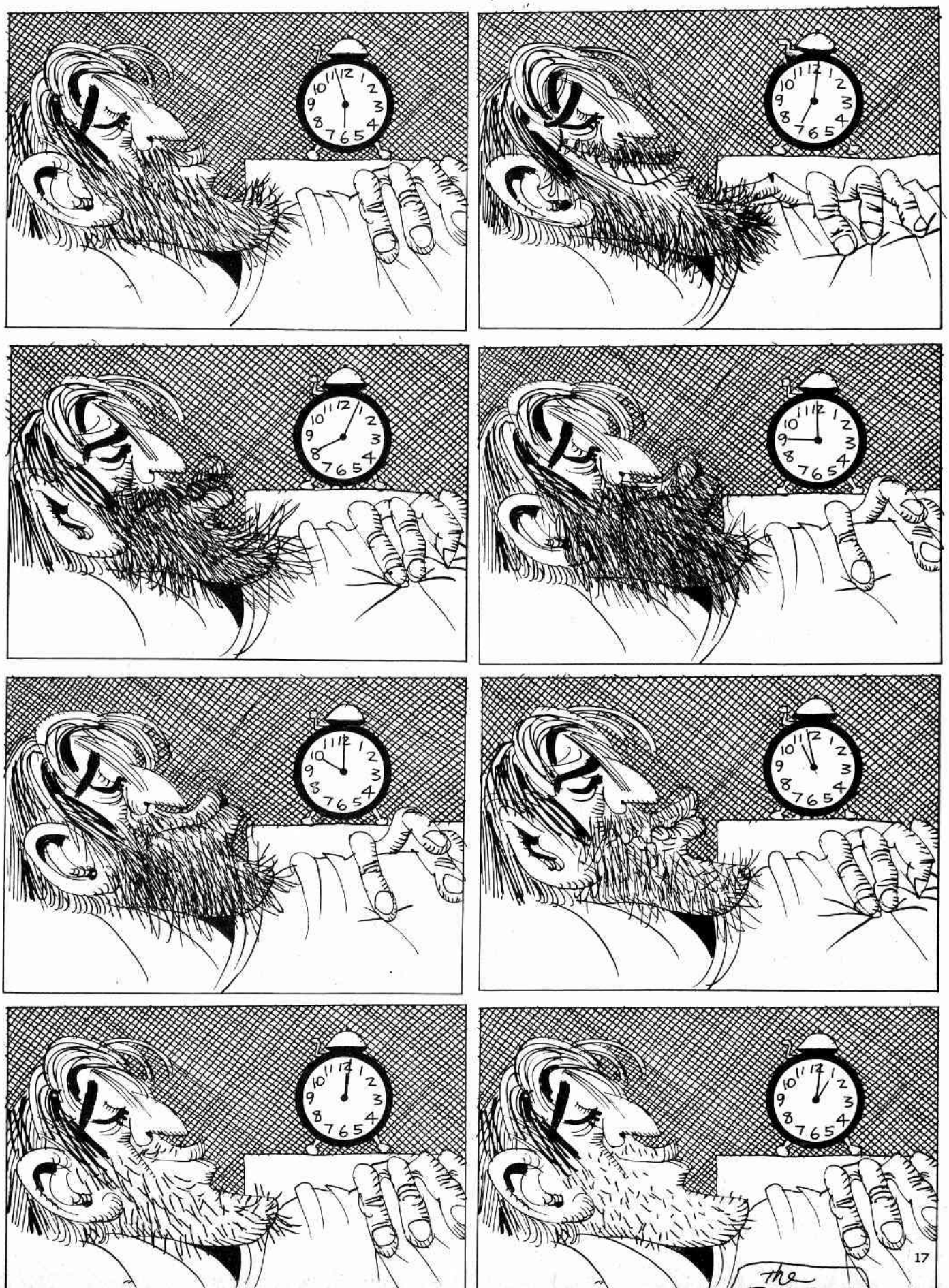
The **"Long Underwear"** number. Ideal for bashful strippers.

The **monkey** is to remind you that you'll look like a monkey's uncle (or aunt) if this outfit is worn by the Kate Smith type.

15 HOUR UNDERGROUND MOVIE EPIC



Not to be outdone by Andy Warhol's eight-hour "Man Sleeping" movie, Hashish has produced this spectacular FIFTEEN-HOUR epic which is being picketed by No-Doze employees. The man starring in the film actually slept, but dreamed he was wide awake. When he woke up, he was fast asleep—along with 97 per cent of the audience.



Our artists are frequently accused of not doing research on the articles they illustrate. Well, here is living proof, in black and white, that these notions are unfounded. Here is the Professor "on a trip" during his research for the Underground article. An Underground "first!" This picture was taken through an opening in Professor Timothy O'Leary's navel—from the inside!

Underground Culture--Part 2

THE NEW SOUND

POSING FOR OUR PHOTOGRAPHER IS A TYPICAL PSYCHEDELIC GROUP OF TODAY, "THE GUYS AND DOLLS." HARD PART IS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHICH ARE THE GUYS AND WHICH ARE THE DOLLS.

Below are three sources from which these groups draw their sounds. Not included are the sound of water being drained out of an oaken bathtub, the dismantling of a live water buffalo, grunts of disapproval at a belch-in and others which were omitted for obvious reasons.

ELEPHANT MATING CALL

One of the wierdest sounds in captivity. They can be heard in Africa in the spring. Similar sounds can be heard from mugging victims every night in New York's Central Park.

CHICKEN PLUCKING

This is a subtle, soothing sound of pent-up anger and frustration. It comes from the cluck who has to pluck the foul fowl at $2 per hour.

STOMACH GROWLING

This sound came originally from one of those chicken pluckers who got hungry and ate his job.

Some Dances of The Psychedelic Age

Dance:

BOOGALOO—This consists of putting your two knees out and NOT bringing them back. Used mostly as a protest dance—a protest against the high admission prices being charged.

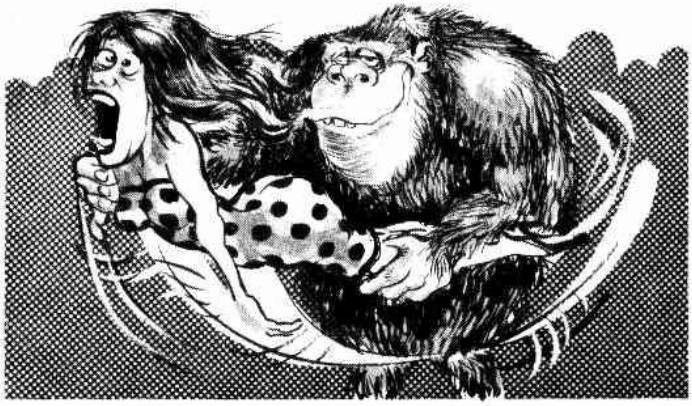
Origin:

A drunk who stumbled into a party, looking for the men's room and what's worse—thinking he had found it!

SHINGALING—Not to be confused with Shingalong—a Chinese Mitch Miller opus. Requirements for the dance include an inbred neuroses, acne and a habitual nervous spasm.

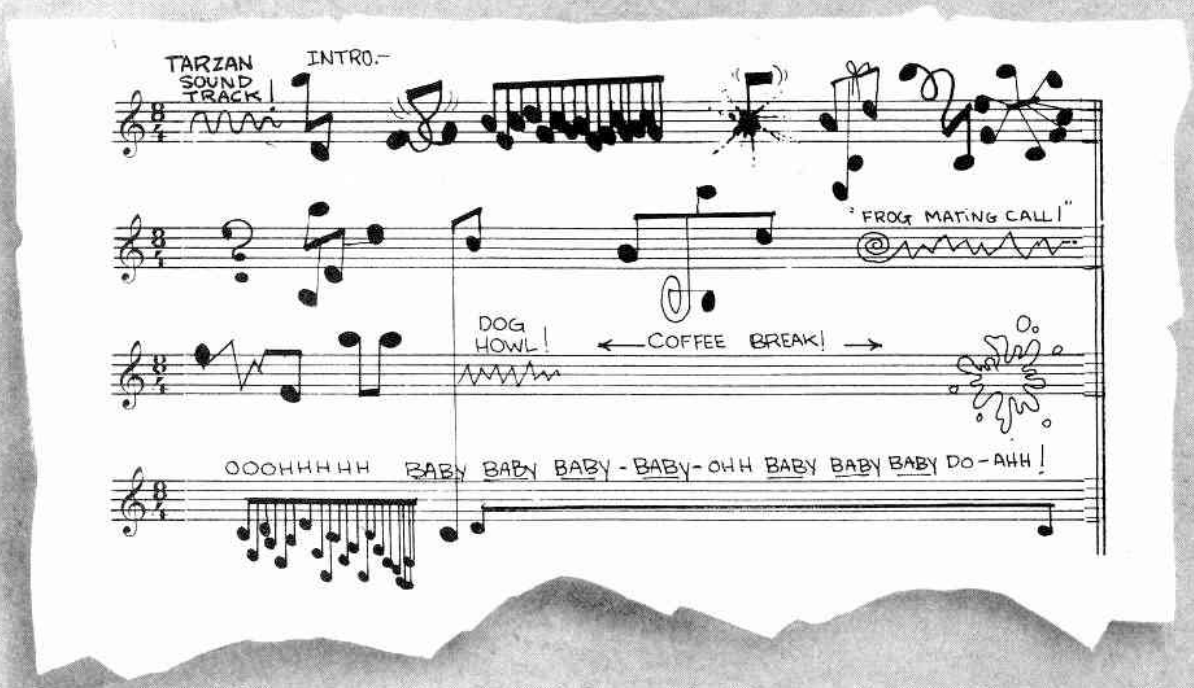
Was thought up by a nurse at a hospital. A patient has swallowed a tongue depressor so she made him do this until he coughed it up.

BOSTON MONKEY—As the name implies, this represents another of the animalistic urges, which can be performed by kids of all urges.



Started at a fraternity party when an escaped ape began dancing with a coed. Everyone thought it was the captain of the football team and began dancing with the ape—including members of the team.

The Music



Here we have a sheet of music torn from one of the psychedelic song books. The musicians had forgotten where they put the book, but they kept on playing anyway. In fact, they played for six straight days, one day longer than their community five-day deodorant lasted. Note that the music contains fine examples of LSD syncopation—unsteady staggering from bar to bar.

This is what happens to some of the parents

Mr. and Mrs. Grulch are typical parents. The music doesn't bother them a bit as you can see.

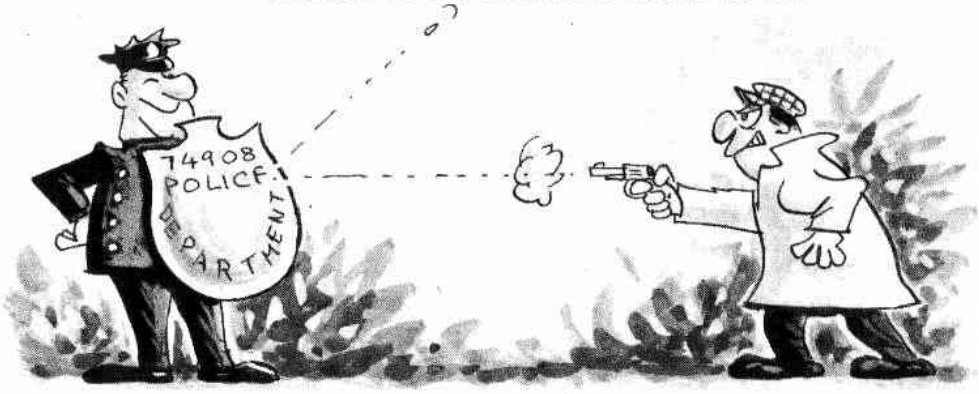
Mr. Dushevsky has complained that he keeps losing his fillings. But they keep turning up in Mrs. Dushevesky's ears.

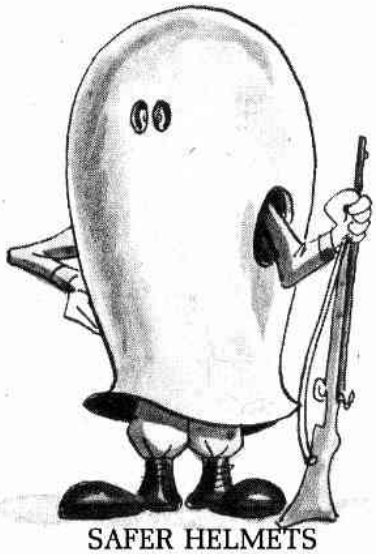
It doesn't bother Mr. Srull. At least it won't bother him very long, according to his psychiatrist.

Last month, artist-author B. Wiseman of New Yorker fame (remember him?) listed several inventions that are much needed in today's society (remember?). The response was a batch of suggestions volunteered by readers who agreed that their world was lacking in progressive thinking. Here they are—

MORE SICK Inventions

POLICE BADGES THAT DO SOME GOOD!



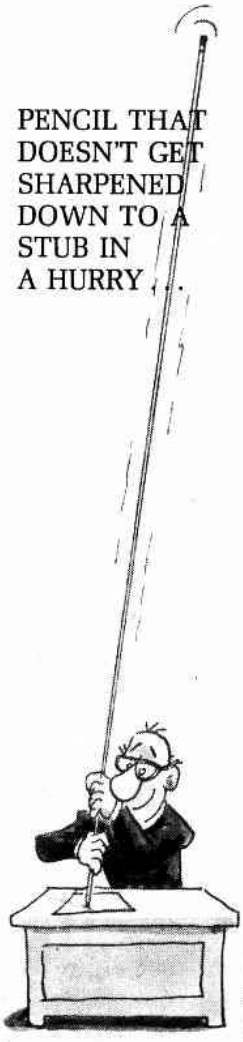


SAFER HELMETS FOR SOLDIERS . . .

RING LIGHTS FOR NEWLY ENGAGED GIRLS . . .

DIAMOND STUDDED HAND CUFFS TO REDUCE FEMALE RESISTANCE . . .

PENCIL THAT DOESN'T GET SHARPENED DOWN TO A STUB IN A HURRY . . .



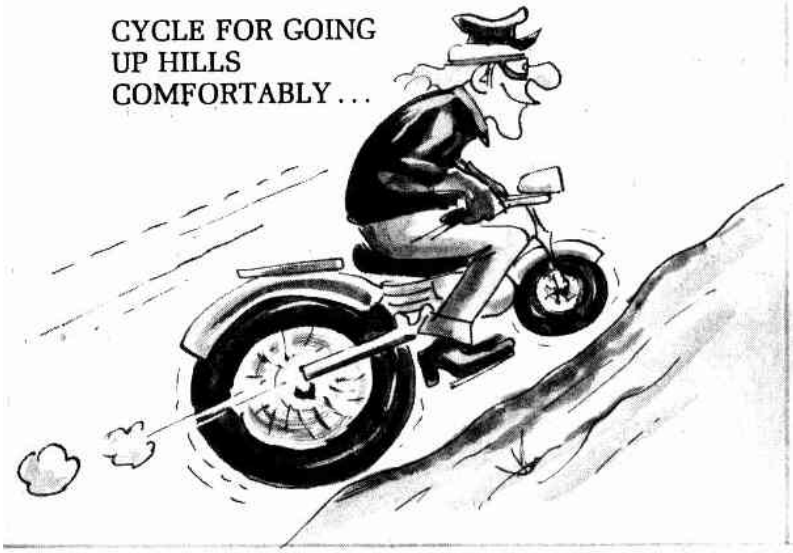
SCHOOL CHAIR TO KEEP SLEEPY STUDENTS FULLY AWAKE . . .

ICE CREAM CONES THAT DON'T DRIP ON NEAT LITTLE GIRLS . . .

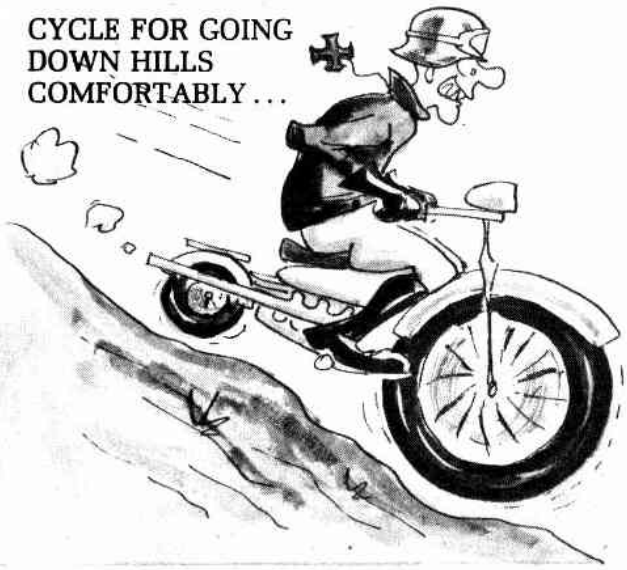
GUITAR FOR ROMANTIC TYPE SINGERS . . .

MOTORCYCLES FOR POPULAR BOYS . . .

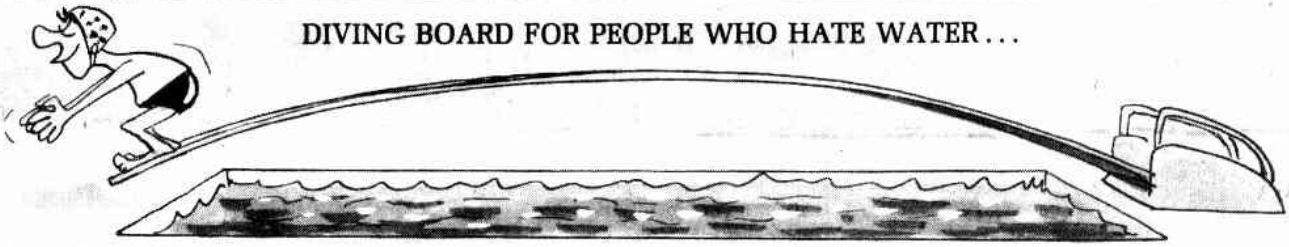
CYCLE FOR GOING
UP HILLS
COMFORTABLY . . .



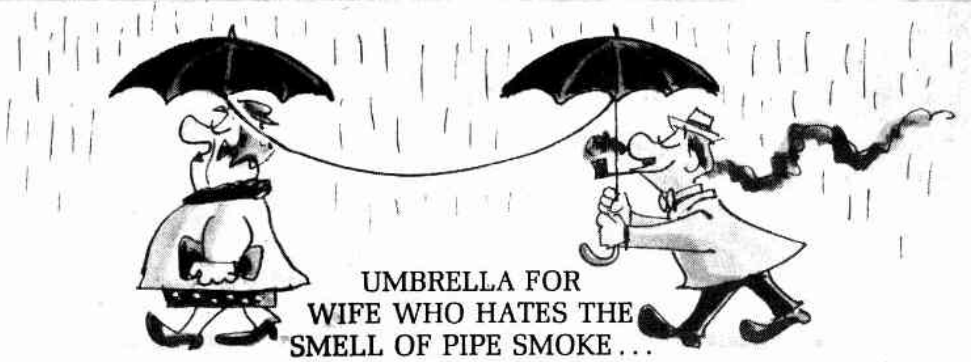
CYCLE FOR GOING
DOWN HILLS
COMFORTABLY . . .



DIVING BOARD FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE WATER . . .

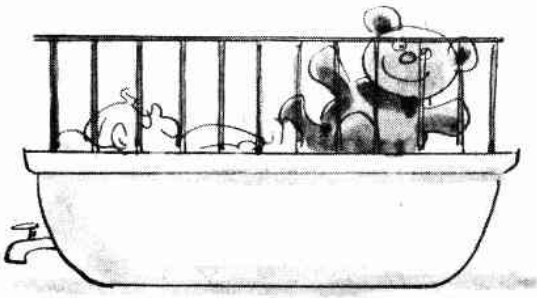


GUITAR FOR HEALTHY
GIRL SINGERS . . .



UMBRELLA FOR
WIFE WHO HATES THE
SMELL OF PIPE SMOKE . . .

FALSE TEETH FOR
NEW BABIES . . .



CRIB FOR CHILDREN WHO ARE
NOT TOILET-TRAINED . . .

SICK SIDESHOW and CIRCUS...

B. (Boats) Wiseman, our ex-sailor cartoonist took off for the circus last month and sent in a feature called MODERN DAY FREAKS, which he liked so much that he did it again. If he does it once more we're going to ship him out to Viet Nam where the real modern day circus is going on...

TEEN WHO THINKS HIS ALLOWANCE IS ADEQUATE!
BOY WANTED
READER WHO LIKES THIS FEATURE
PRETTY BLIND DATE
SILENT BARBER
BARBER WANTED
TEEN WHO IS NOT ALWAYS HUNGRY!
LITTLE GIRL WHO DOESN'T WANT TO BE A NURSE
MOTHER WHO DOESN'T THINK HER SON IS HANDSOME
DOCTOR WHO CAN'T AFFORD A CADILLAC!
FAT LADY WHO NEVER WEARS SLACKS
CIRCUS--

SICK CIRCUS
DOWN WITH BEDTIME
DOWN WITH GRAVITY!
TAMING HELLS ANGELS
DOWN WITH CANUON!
SEAL BALANCING LAND MINE
AN AERIAL ACT WITH AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION...
DISPLAY OF SUPERHUMAN STR
DRAGGING CHILD AWAY FRO
FAVORITE TELEVISION SHOW
62 YE
WEA

RUBBERMAN AERIALIST...
FAT AND SKINNY BUNNY CLOWNS...
ENGTH:
M HIS
!!!!!!!
AR OLD LADY CLOWN
RING A MINI-SKIRT...
TAMING WILD BEATNIKS

The book trade this year has scheduled no fewer than 12 books on Robert (don't call me Bobby) Kennedy. These will range from "R.F.K., Our Next President," to "A Girl's Guide to Bobby Kennedy."

We feel that none of these books have hit the target set up by Bobby, himself; mainly, the pre-voting group. Since it is clear that boyish Bob is cultivating the youngsters who will be the voters by the time he runs for office, Sick fills in this gap with its own retarded political pamphlet entitled:

Art by Al Scaduto
Script by Fred Wolfe

See Bobby Kennedy.
See how he runs.
Trot, trot, trot.
Why does Bobby run?
Because Hoffa's guys are driving those trucks!
Run, Bobby, run!
Bobby may also run for office.
What office?
The President's office, silly.
Why does young Robert want the President's office?
Why not.
He already has a set of electric trains.

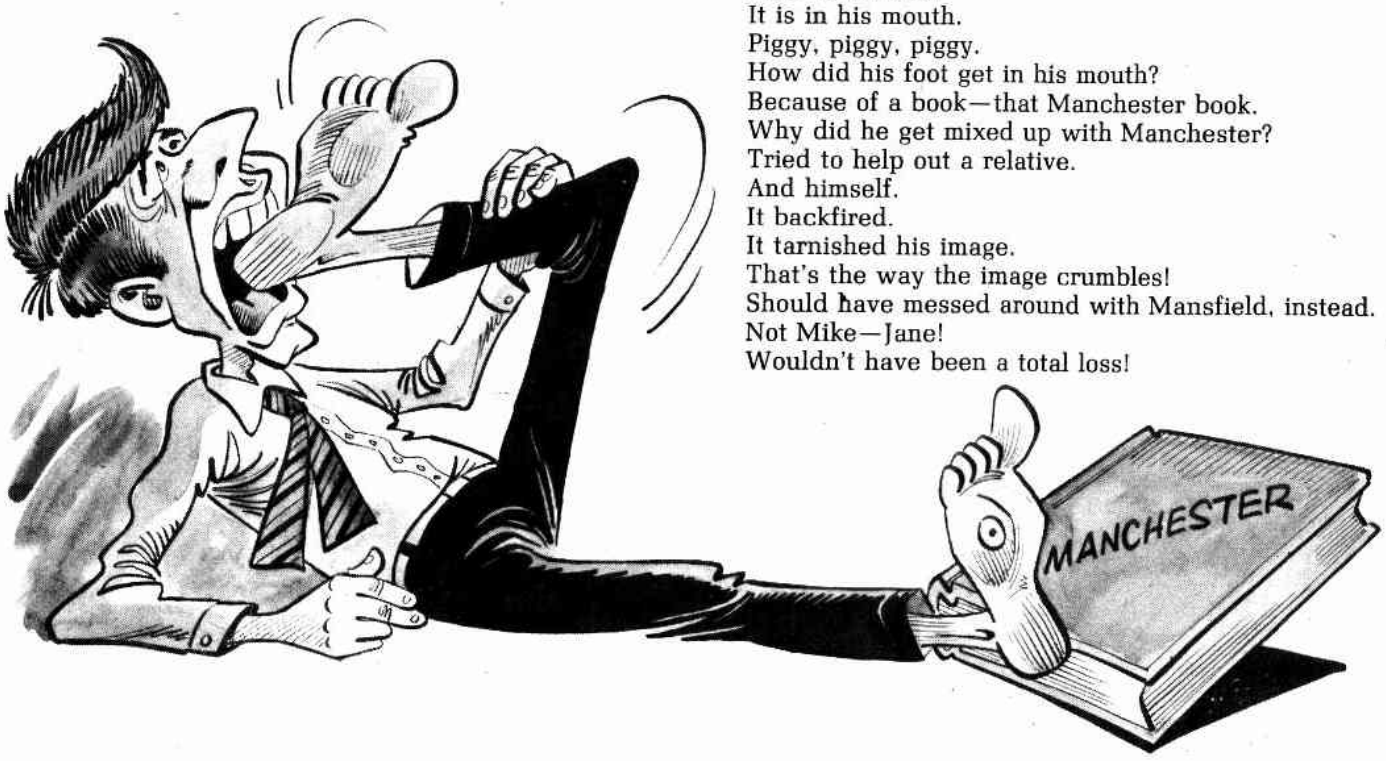
Listen to the young man talk.
He is talking in our high-school auditorium.
"Peace, negotiate, peace!"
Hey, gang. A "Dove" flew into our school-house!
Like, who is this fine-feathered friend?
Man, that's not feathers—that's hair!
That haircut is familiar.
Is he a new teacher?
Nope, no visible bruises.
Is he one of our students?
Don't be ridic!
You know our students aren't allowed to wear their hair *that* long.
—Not even the girls!
It must be "Mod" Bob, boy Senator!

Hear Bobby Kennedy.
Hear how he talks.
Nasal, nasal, nasal.
No, he isn't doing a Bugs Bunny imitation.
No, he's not putting us on.
That's the way he really talks!
Why is he talking in our high-school?
That's where the votes are.
But, kids don't vote.
They're not old enough to vote.
True.
But, they will be.
When he's ready to run for President.

See the playground full of kids.
Are we at another school?
No, that's just one man's family.
It's Bobby's backyard.
Yes, he and Ethel have ten kids.
Which proves he doesn't only talk like a bunny.
Then why does he need the other kids' votes?
If he and Ethel keep up their present friendly campaign,
Bobby will win in a landslide!

See the athletic Senator.
See how he climbs the mountain.
Puff, puff, puff.
Bobby also goes in for *outdoor* sports!
Why does he climb the mountain?
For physical fitness?
No—political fitness.
Getting his image in shape for '68.
Or maybe '72.
Who is he trying to impress?
The Pepsi-Generation!
They dig athletes.
Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!
Like, kids dig.
Like, he climbs.
Any questions?

See the boy Senator.
Look at his foot.
It is in his mouth.
Piggy, piggy, piggy.
How did his foot get in his mouth?
Because of a book—that Manchester book.
Why did he get mixed up with Manchester?
Tried to help out a relative.
And himself.
It backfired.
It tarnished his image.
That's the way the image crumbles!
Should have messed around with Mansfield, instead.
Not Mike—Jane!
Wouldn't have been a total loss!



See the free-wheeling Senator.
See how he gets around.
Pedal, pedal, pedal.
Bobby's all over the map!
He was born in Massachusetts.
He lives in Virginia.
He's a Senator in New York.
He was voted Rand McNally's "Man of the Year."
They gave him a set of matched carpetbags.
Someday he may even be President.
In spite of his political disadvantage:
He can't act, dance or sing and was never in show-business!

See Bobby Kennedy in Europe.
Jet, jet, jet.
He travels a lot.
He found Adam Clayton Powell's credit-card.
Bobby is very popular in Europe.
Even Charles De Gaulle likes him.
No comment.
People all over Europe wish they could vote for him.
So does Bobby.
They'd like to have him stay overseas forever.
So does President Johnson.
Bobby keeps trotting the globe.
How does he do it?
You mean, get all that energy?
No, find the time to get together with Ethel!

See Bobby Kennedy in Africa.
He is in *South* Africa.
Hush my mouth!
What is Bobby doing in South Africa?
Is he trying to find diamonds?
No, his family is loaded.
Loot, loot, loot.
Is he trying to bag a prize of African lions?
No, he'd much rather clobber a party of home-grown elephants.
Is he there to hear the authentic native drums?
No, he's just trying to drum up some votes.
But, Africans can't vote for him.
No, but minority groups back home can.
They get the message.
And we don't mean the drums.

See Lyndon Johnson.
See how he runs.
He's running scared!
Cloppety, clop, clop.
It's not easy in those
high-heeled boots.
Why does he run?
Bobby is after his scalp.
Why is Lyndon worried?
He saw some of those polls.
They depressed him greatly.
They painted a bad political picture.
He didn't like it.
He told the poll-taker:
"That's the ugliest thing I ever saw!"

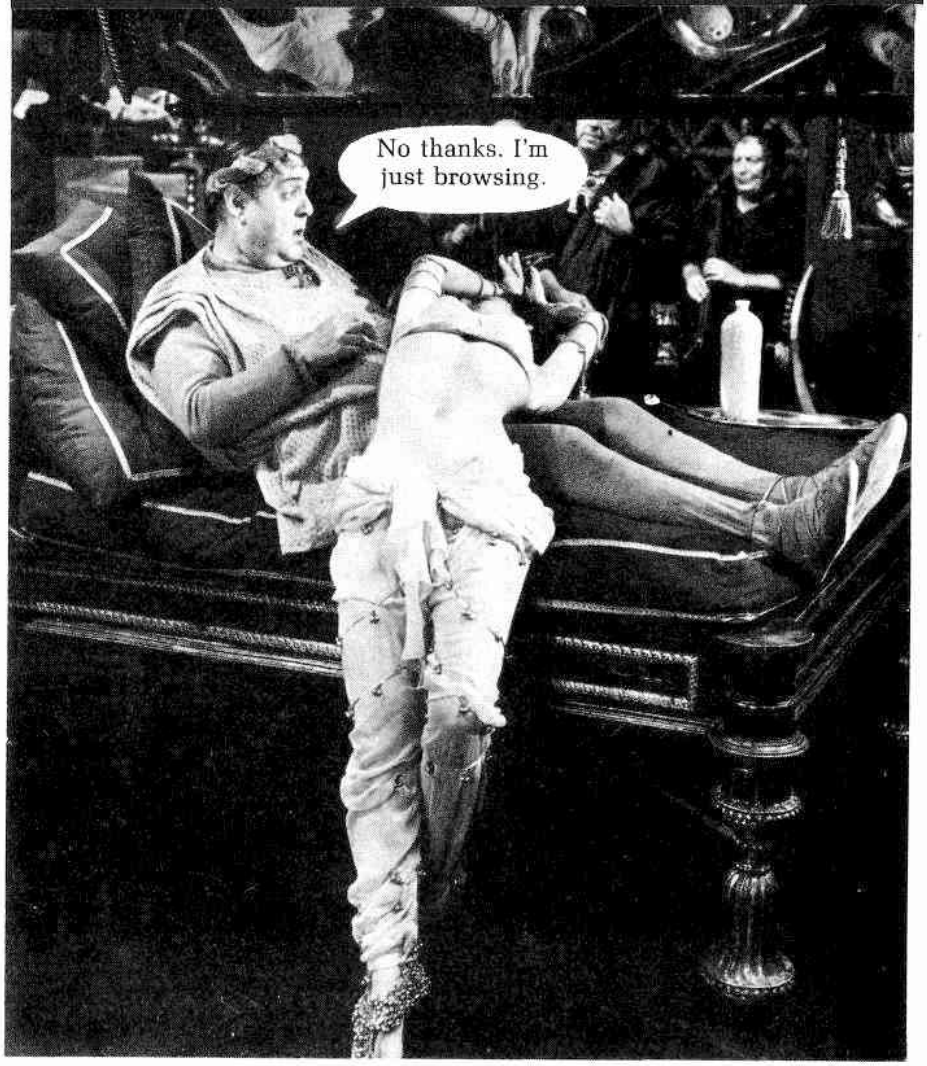
A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum, is a technicolor adaptation of the Broadway musical, where it ran for eight months—two months longer than it takes to pronounce the title.

The lengthy titles, part of a trend, are favorites with everybody, particularly the men who have to put the letters up on a marquee. Some titles are so long they need two marquees and have to be read with a magnifying glass. Sometimes the plays are so slight they have to be viewed with a magnifying glass. Which brings us to **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way To The Forum.**

The plot is taken from the stories of an old Roman poet named Plautus. The reason for this is that Plautus was witty, wise, worldly and his works are free because they are in the public domain. To help you understand what this means, it's like going into a restaurant and watching 40 people eating worn-out meat loaf 12 days old. This is publc **ptomaine.** But that's another story. That's called **A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Hospital.**

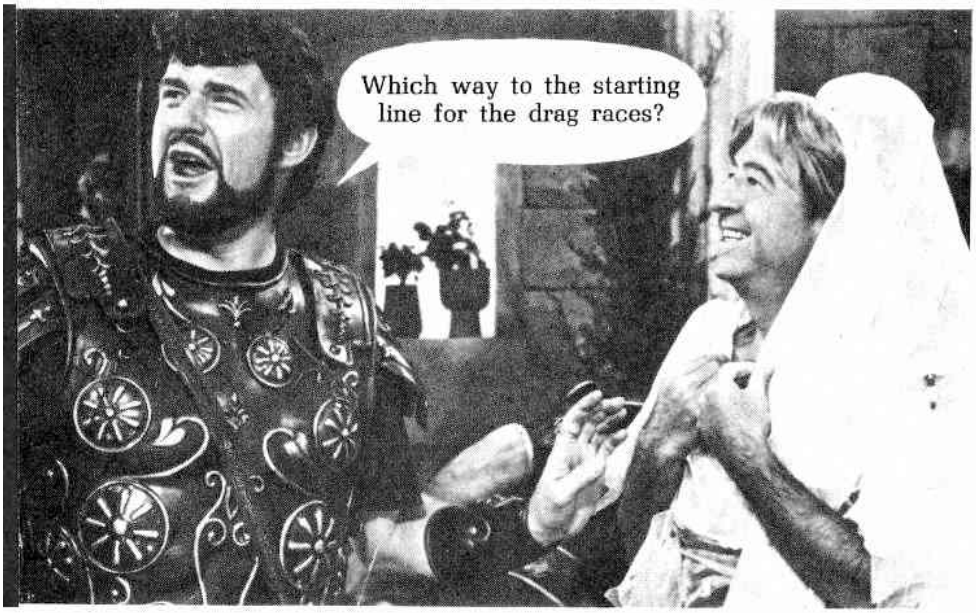
But now.... the houselights dim, matching the intellects of the ushers; the screen lights up ("No Smoking, Stupid"), the curtain rises right through the ceiling and the picture begins.

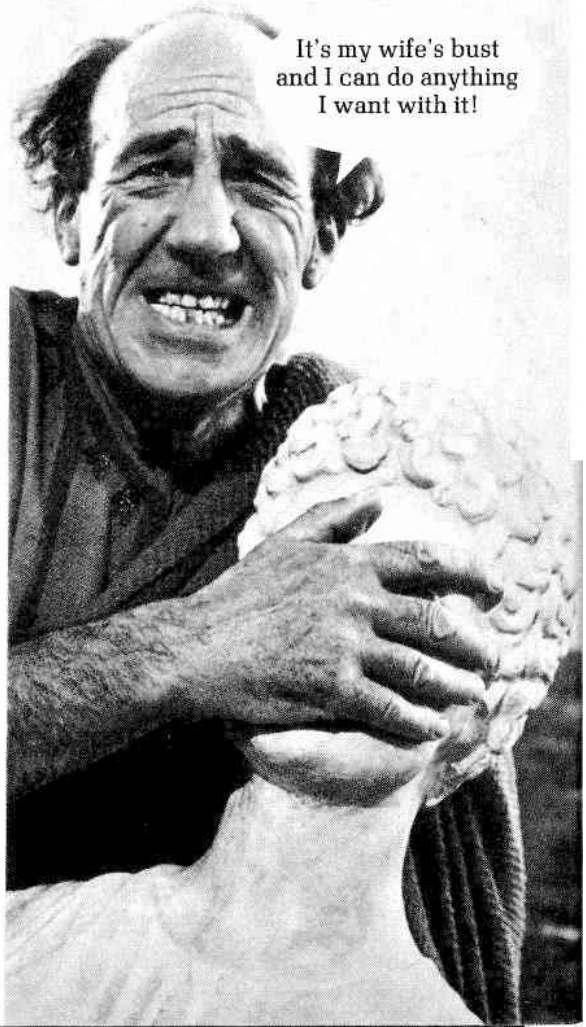
Zero Mostel, plays the role of Pseudolus (pronounced Chumley), a slave to a young prince called Hero, who was named after a sandwich. He will get his freedom if he finds a suitable girl for the young prince, who is under the thumbs of a strange father and strong mother. He is 18 years old and never been kissed. He was never punched in the face either, but first things first. Jack Gilford, the slave on the right, plays Hysterium, a slave to the prince's parents. Pseudolus asks if Hysterium (pronounced Chumley) knows the glories of freedom. Hysterium says "no, but if you'll hum it I'll follow along." It's an old joke, but don't forget, **they're** Old Romans.



Pseudolus is willing to subject himself to the most hellish punishments to serve his prince and get his freedom. Here he withstands 120 pounds of writhing fury in the form of a dancing girl named Vibrata (pronounced Yahoo!). The girl's costume displays an interesting fashion note. She is wearing an almost off-the-girl pair of culottes bound tightly so she can't escape from her master. The costume is lined with little bells. When she walks she jingles . . . so do the men who watch her walk. Zero is wearing a toga, a costume signifying he is a veteran of a toga-war.

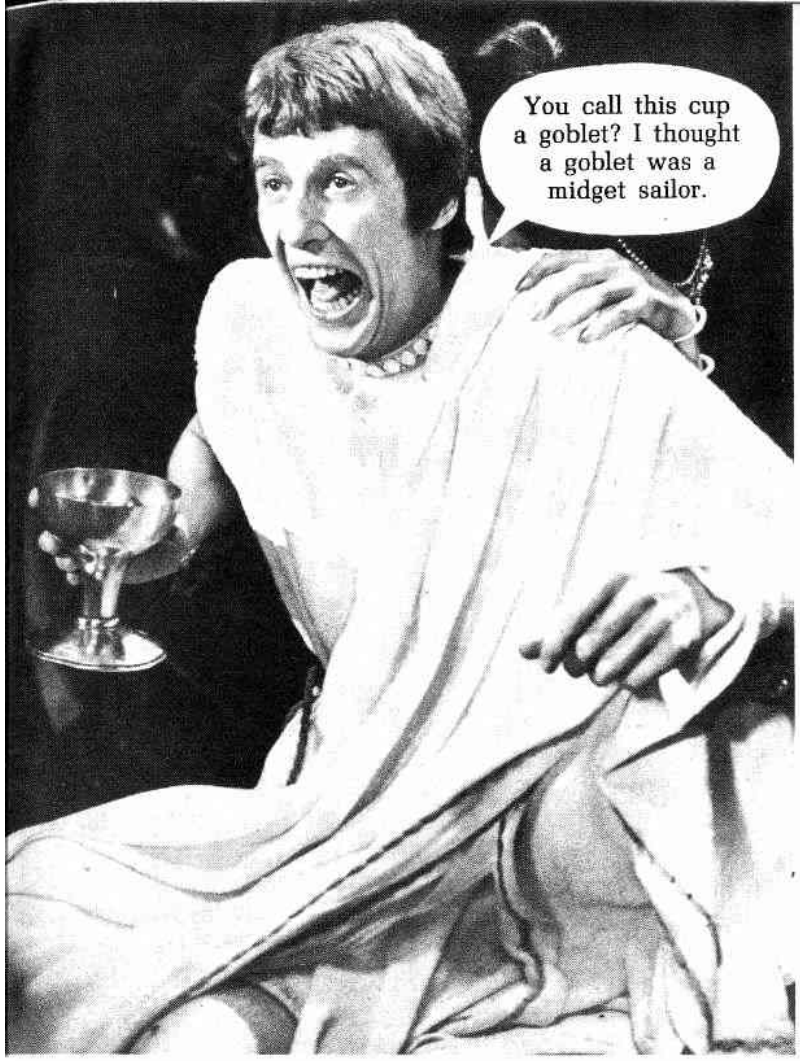
Here is the handsome young prince—Hero. Notice how calm, sedate and self-assured he is as he watches his slave try to pick out a girl for him. The girl in back of him seems to be doing her own picking. This scene takes place in the home of Lycus, who operates what might be called a Rent-a-Girl home. He is sort of an early Roman wheeler-dealer who caters to whims . . . and also to generals, princes and other males. Lycus is played by Phil Silvers, who was drummed out of the army as Sergeant Bilko, for doing exactly the same kind of business.

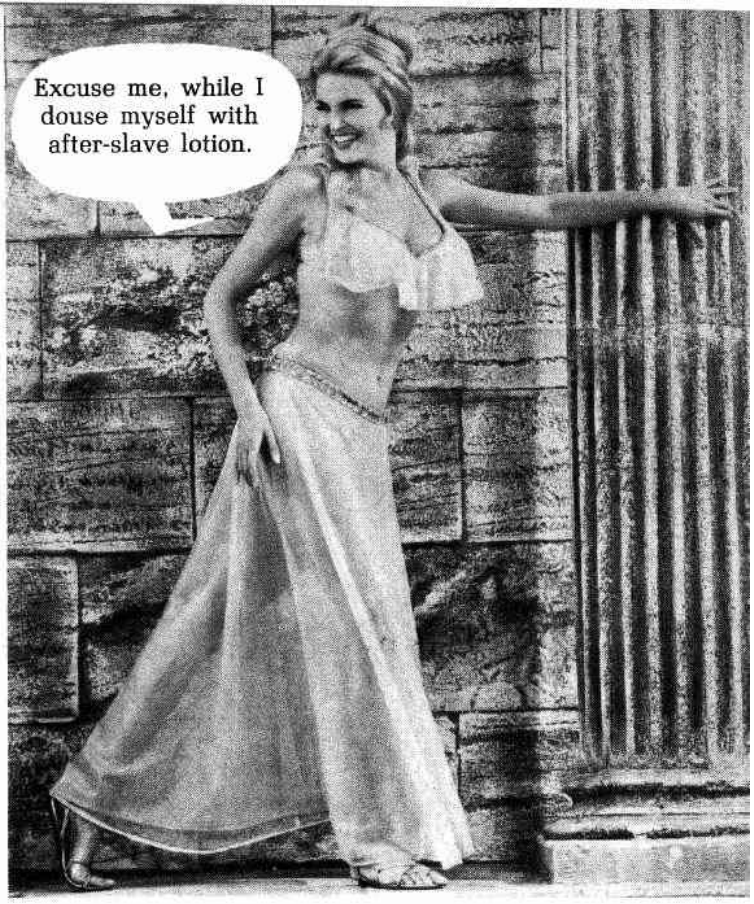




Now the plot begins to thicken, and not a moment too soon. Miles Gloriosus, a warrior, is the proud possessor of a Purple Heart. He also has a green liver and a pink kidney. He was awarded the Purple Heart because he suffered a hernia lifting up some fallen ruins—the Fat Lady of the Roman Circus. Phil Silvers, disguised as the prince with whom the warrior is infatuated, avoids the man's amorous advances, saying "I'd never walk a Miles for a warrior."

Right now, Miles is in big trouble, he's wearing his suit of armor and can't take it off because he left his can opener home. Phil looks just like the princess except for the hairy arms. It's a shame a princess has to have such hairy arms.





Here is Gymnasia, a dancing girl of epic proportions, who serves as a musical clerk in the forum —she puts the motions before the house. Zero, the slave, has a yen for her, but she disapproves because she doesn't understand Japanese currency. Her specialty dance, complete with navel maneuvers, is called the Seven Hills of Rome, and tourists came from miles around to enjoy the breathtaking view.

Senex, the doddering father of the young prince, smothers his wife in effigy, a small town outside Rome. A sculptor with a flair for the freakish, did Domina, the wife, in clay. It took her three days to get out of the clay. It was tough because the clay kept her sinking in the river after Senex threw her in. Senex has an eye for young girls, but at his age, that's about the whole story. His wife is so rugged she gives survival lessons to the lions in the Coliseum.

Now it's Hysterium playing the girl's role in the first version of Greenwich Village follies. The warrior chases him because he is nearsighted. During his last battle he killed 876 men, including 61 of the enemy. What happened was he was cleaning his spear and got a sneezing attack. Anyhow, the picture grinds to a close and everyone's happy, including the usher who got stomach cramps from eating 4 bags of popcorn. Next time he'll take the popcorn out of the bag before eating it.

UNINTENTIONAL HUMOR DEPARTMENT

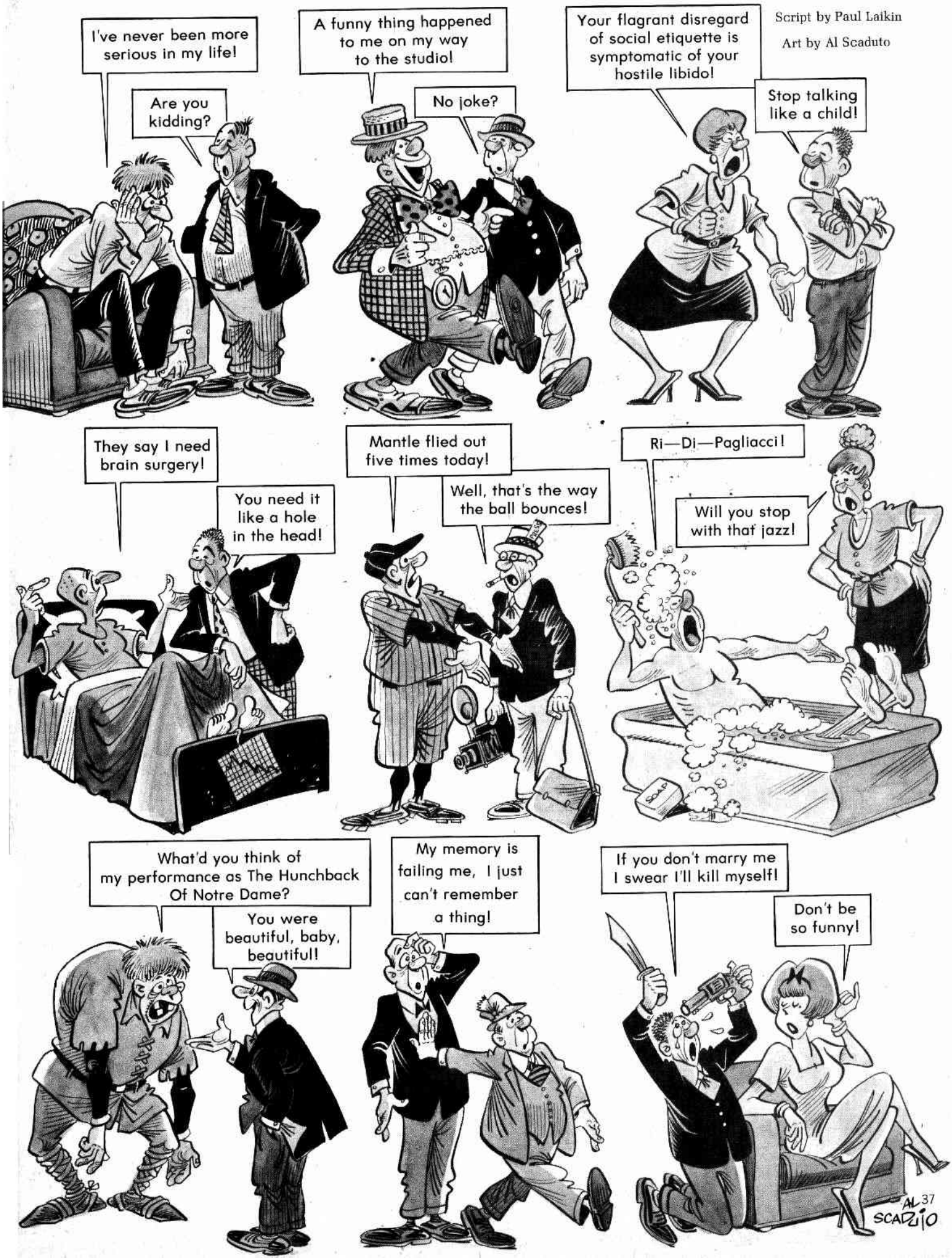
ABSENT-MINDED ANSWERS

They say if you ask a stupid question you get a stupid answer. We say you can get these same stupid answers just by talking to a person who is absorbed in other thoughts—one who spouts cliches all the time. Like for example, take these idiotic replies we call...

My doctor told me I should get a lot of exercise and be more active!
So take it easy and you'll be all right!
My 80-year-old grandmother just died!
Well, that's life!
I've had enough, I'm not speaking to you!
Now you're talking!
I suffer from these migraine headaches!
I tell you it's all in your mind!
I've lost everything— my home, family, job, health - everything!
What can you do - be thankful for what you got!

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Al Scaduto


I've never been more serious in my life!
Are you kidding?
A funny thing happened to me on my way to the studio!
No joke?
Your flagrant disregard of social etiquette is symptomatic of your hostile libido!
Stop talking like a child!
They say I need brain surgery!
You need it like a hole in the head!
Mantle flied out five times today!
Well, that's the way the ball bounces!
Ri—Di—Pagliacci!
Will you stop with that jazz!
What'd you think of my performance as The Hunchback Of Notre Dame?
You were beautiful, baby, beautiful!
My memory is failing me, I just can't remember a thing!
If you don't marry me I swear I'll kill myself!
Don't be so funny!
AL SCADUTO 37

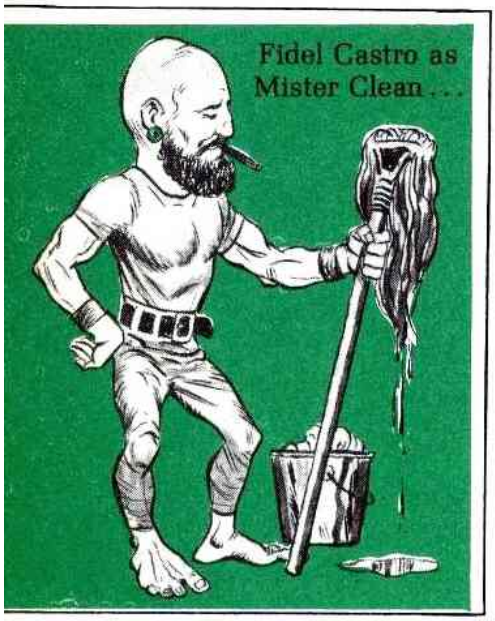
REINCARNAT

IF SUCH A THING IS TRUE, WOULDN'T IS BE WILD IF NERO CAME BACK AS A CHRISTIAN ...OR... Phyliss Diller as Brigitte Bardot... The Pied Piper as a rat... Buffalo Bill as a buffalo... Errol Flynn as a Monk... Sick as Life... Drew Pearson as Senator Dodd... Al Capone as Elliot Ness... Bobby Kennedy as a teamster... Richard Kimble as the one-armed man... **OR**...

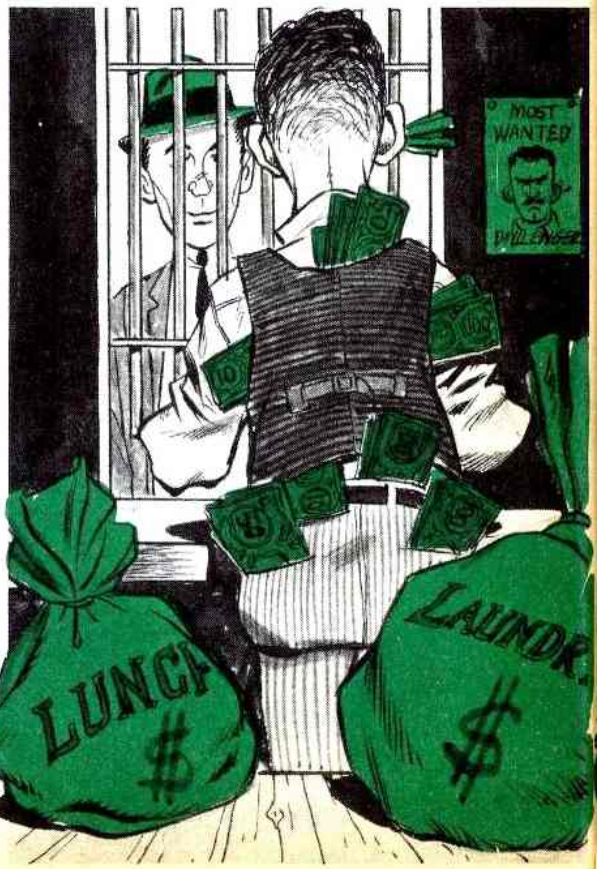
Dean Martin as The L'il Ol' Winemaker...

Ringo Starr as Leonard Bernstein...

Willie Sutton as your friend at Chase Manhattan...

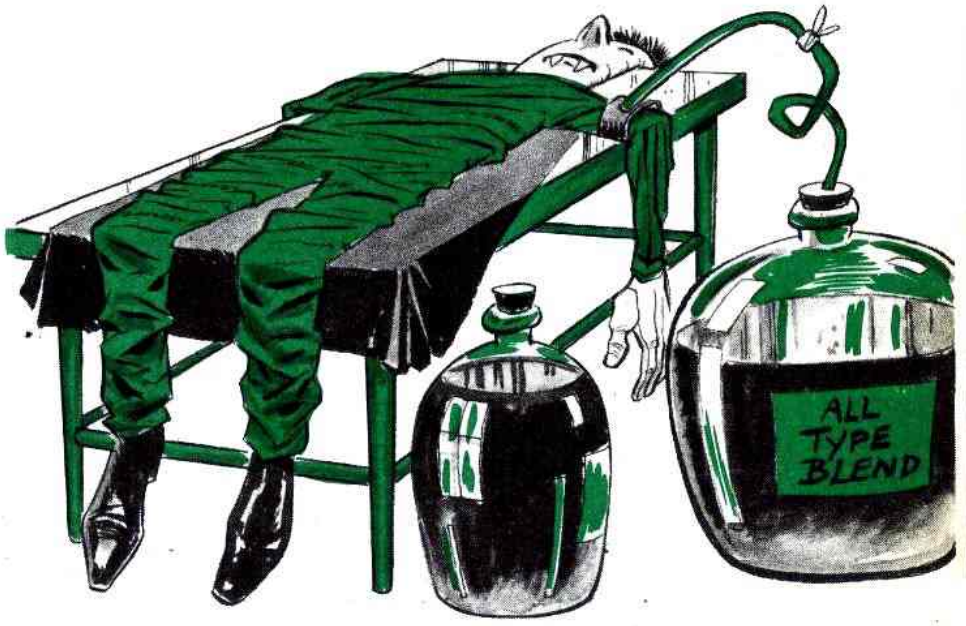


Einstein as a dropout...

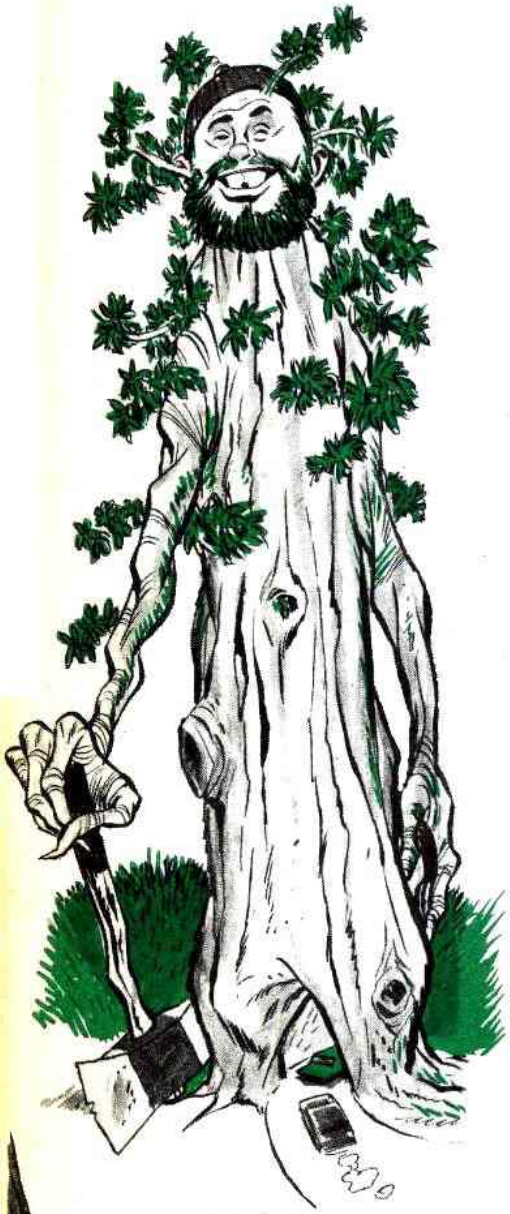


Art by George Tuska Script by Francis DiBacco

ION MEANS A RETURN TO LIFE OR A REBIRTH



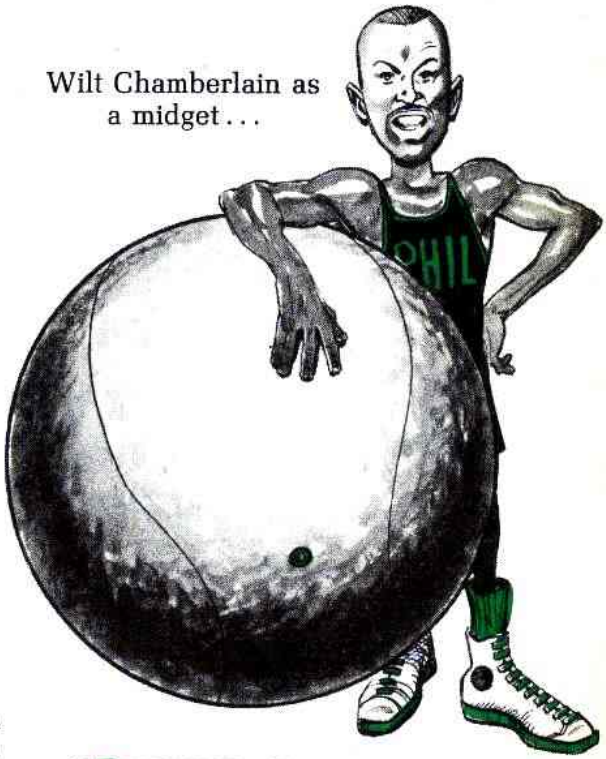
Dracula as a blood doner...



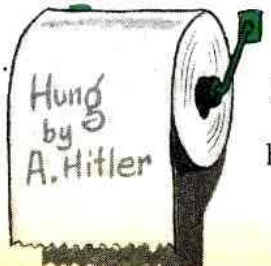
Paul Bunyon as a tree...

Stokely Carmichael as The White Knight...

Wilt Chamberlain as a midget...



Rip Van Winkle as an insomniac...

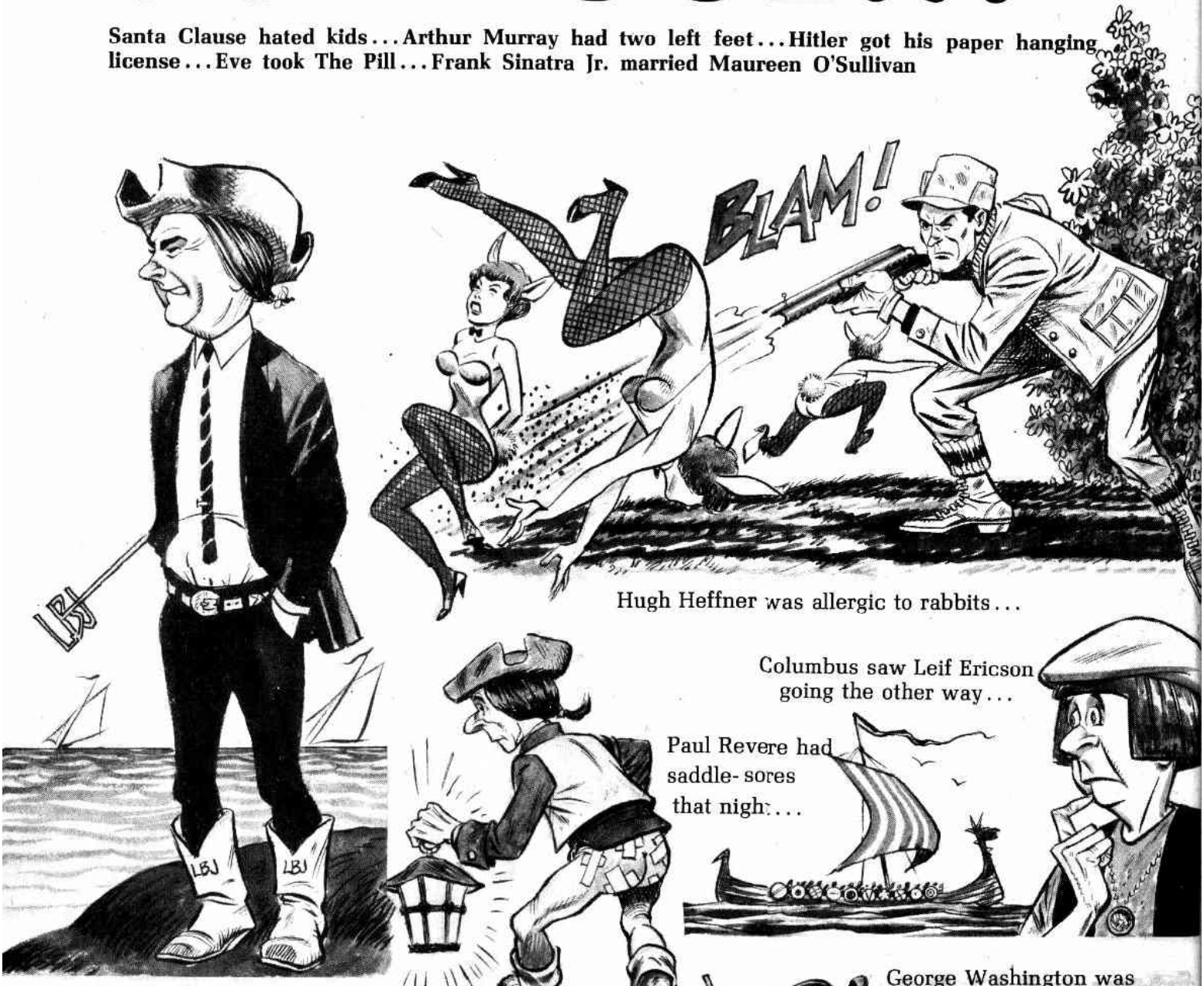


Hitler as a paper hanger...

HERE'S SOMETHING ELSE TO THINK ABOUT

SUPPOSE...

Santa Clause hated kids... Arthur Murray had two left feet... Hitler got his paper hanging license... Eve took The Pill... Frank Sinatra Jr. married Maureen O'Sullivan



Hugh Heffner was allergic to rabbits...

LBJ was from Rhode Island...

Columbus saw Leif Ericson going the other way...

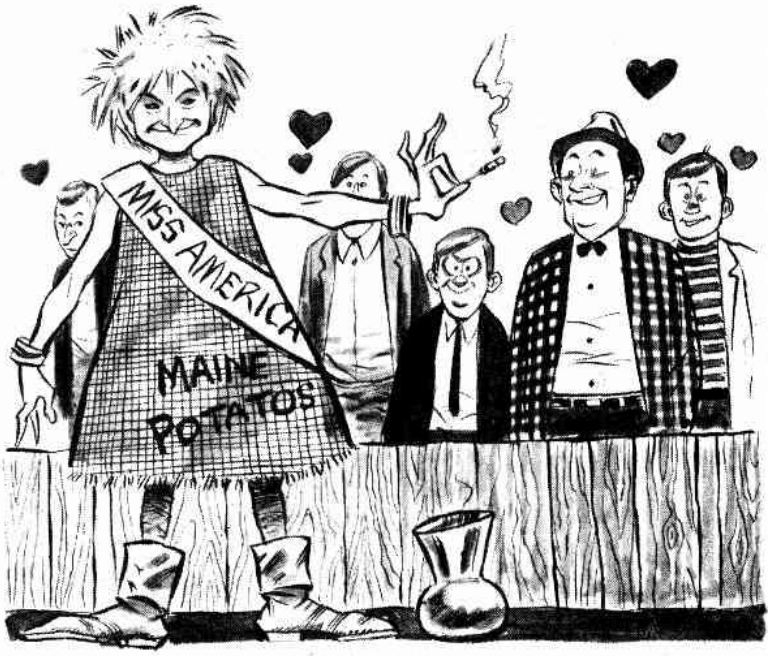
Paul Revere had saddle-sores that night...

George Washington was a draft dodger...

DRAFT BOARD

George Hamilton met a girl whose father was higher than President of the United States

The Indians didn't sell Manhattan...



Phyliss Diller was chosen Miss America...

Ben Franklin was afraid
of lightning...

George Wallace was President
and Adam Clayton Powell Vice-President...

Shakespeare was illiterate...

The Wright Brothers suffered from vertigo...

Twiggy
was built...

The big thing about today's TV commercials is that they are supposed to be spontaneous or unrehearsed. Here are a few commercials that didn't go according to the script. See if you can tell why.

UNREHEARSED COMMERCIALS

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Francis DiBacco

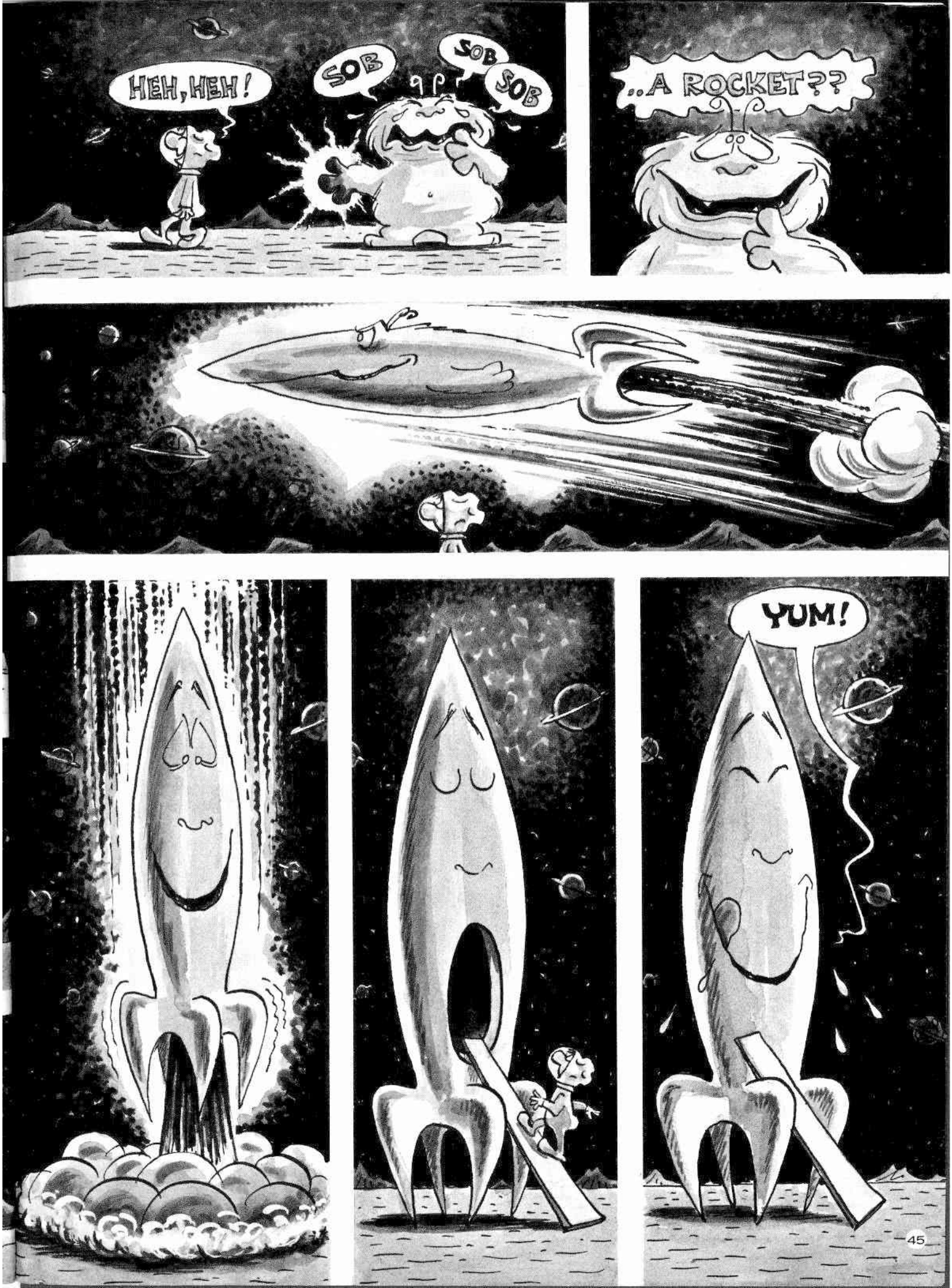
Guess what mom? No cavities
But I got hoof and mouth disease.
QUARANTINE
BOARD OF HEALTH
Hey, there's the Lark truck.
See my pack of Lark?
I've been smoking Lark for three years.
There's nothing like a Lark.
DEPT OF SANITATION
Who's been using my Leftguard?
I have dear.
Gee Dad, so have I.
I confess, me too.
Well you better check out your armpits, I filled that can with Drano to clean the sinks.

WHEN A MAN ISN'T AROUND
GOODYEAR SHOULD BE
GOODYEAR
Us Terrytune smokers would rather fight than switch.
Maybe I WILL try one of yours.
LET HOITZ PUT YOU IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT
SMASH!
But I can't drive.
Mrs. Wiggs, you're going to have triplets.
3
The usual, Mrs. Wiggs?
No, give me a bottle of Shafer.
How come?
Shafer is the one beer to have when you're having more than one.

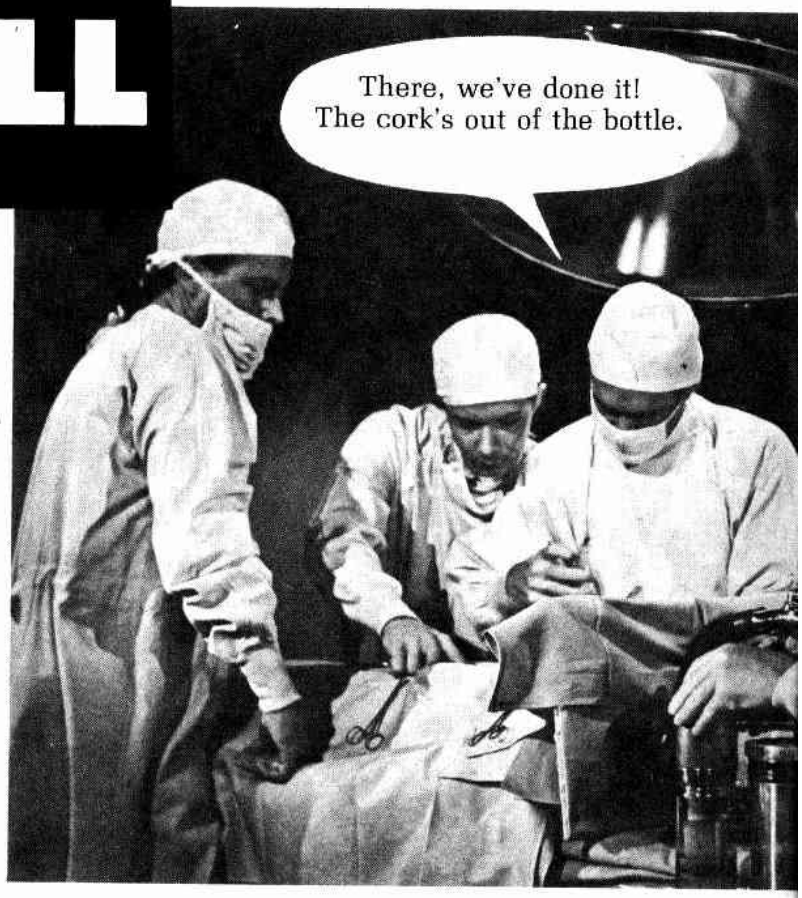
THE OOOMGLIKK

who can change to any shape at all!

by B. Wiseman


HEH, HEH!
SOB
SOB
SOB
..A ROCKET??
YUM!

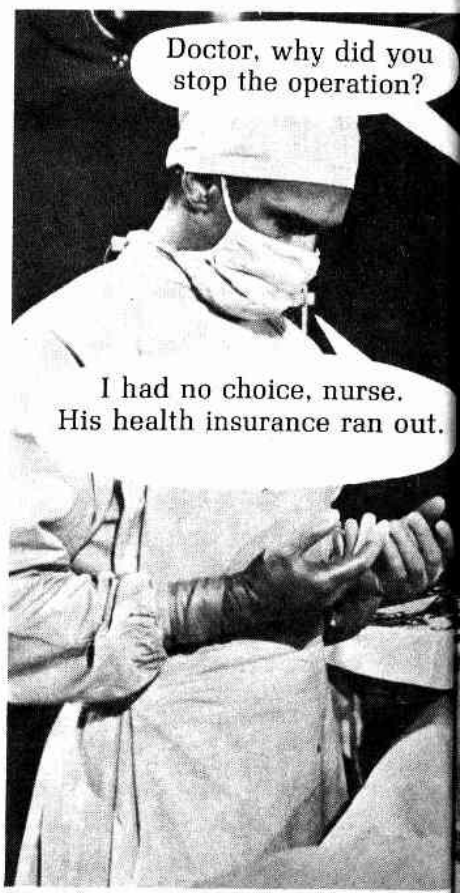
SICK CALL

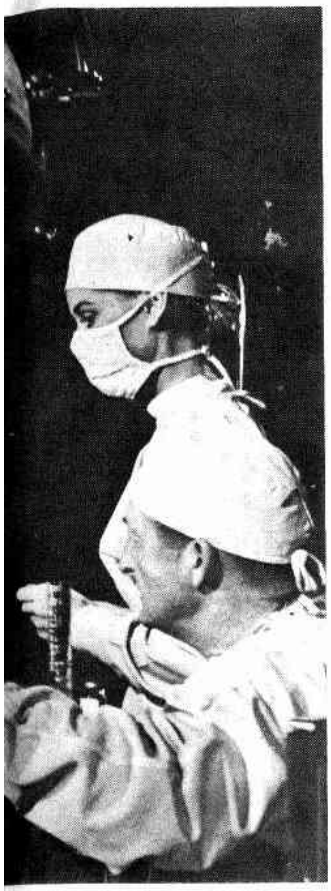


These hospital pot-shots are visual proof that *doctors* are among the funniest people in the world. If you don't believe us, just phone one late at night and tell him you've got a hundred and four fever, trouble in breathing, dizzy spells, palsy, and you think your heart just stopped. And he'll usually tell you to take an aspirin, call him in the morning, and let him know if anything really serious develops.

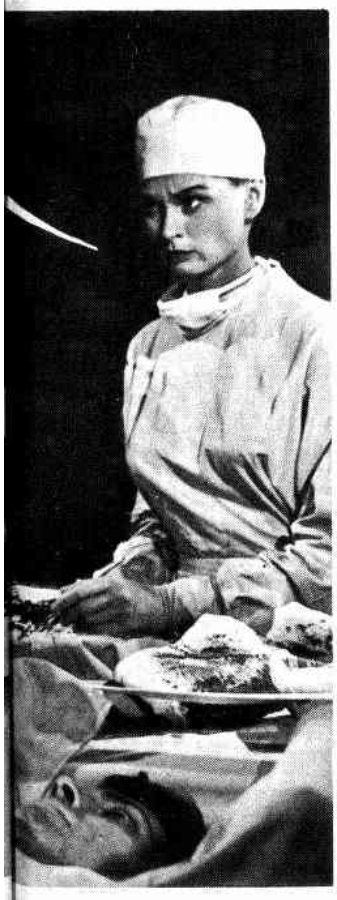
But, there *is* something about which doctors are very serious. Something that they hold sacred. Something about which they absolutely refuse to tolerate any nonsense—the bill they send you! And let's not forget the nurses. Those angels of mercy who stroke your forehead, coddle you like a wife, and kiss you goodnight. This they do for *the doctors*—not the patients.

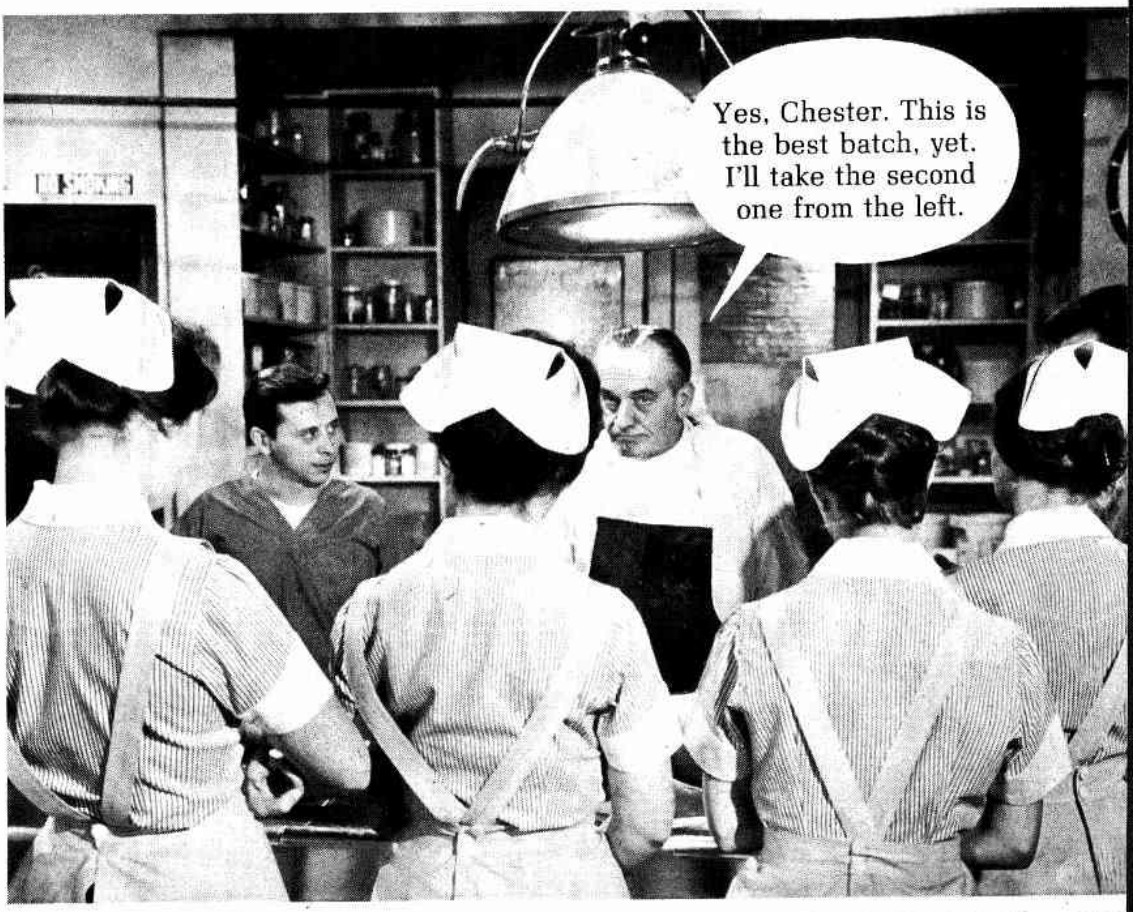
by Fred Wolfe





Were these left over from the last party?
No, the last operation.




Yes, Chester. This is the best batch, yet. I'll take the second one from the left.

To the few who are left if any: if you understand Bob Dylan's messages and are a musician, lets get together and talk this up; object need members for Folk Rock Group. If you are bumming around and can play Dylan's music with feeling, drop a line and we'll talk about it. Listen to "Sad Eyed Lady of the Low Land." Be cool. H. Roberts, 341 37th St., Buena Vista, Va. 24416.

Wanted: girl 10-20. Any type girl as long as personality standards are high. My description: Age 20, 6' 1", weight 195, brown hair and hazel eyes. Marine Corps. Like dancing and all types of sports. Address: P.F.C. Maranhas L.J. 2328323, Marine Barracks 2nd Plt. Guard Co., U.S. Naval Base, Box 32 B, F.P.O. New York, 09593.

I'm 5' 11", like guy's, fortunes and net shirts! Would like to write to someone with a sense of humor and height. Will answer all letters so anybody write. Jeannette Testamark, 2074 5th Ave., New York 10035, N.Y.

I'm 17, 5' 10", brown hair, and blue eyes. I like Yardbirds, Monkees, Paul Revere and Raiders, D.C. 5, and Blue Magoos. We'll answer all, that's a promise. Write to: James Murphy, 44 Can Field Ave., Warwick, R.I.

A boy, fifteen years old, seeks intelligent correspondence with cute girls in the fourteen to sixteen age bracket. I am interested in a variety of subjects. Please supplement letters with picture. As far as looks go I'm not Mark Lindsay or Davey Jones and I don't cause riots, but I am a good dreamer. Write to: Jim Puca, 1410 Hickory Circle, Smyrna, Georgia, 30080.

HI BEAUTIFUL!!! Want to exchange letters with a leader of men and a follower of women? I am soon to be manager of an office in Rochester, N.Y., I like all music, girls, people, things, even Sick Magazine. I am 20..born August 15, I am 5'9", blonde hair, blue eyes, and haven't thought of burning my draft card. Write: Jerry Bonnewell, Box 33, Union Hill, New York 14563.

Perfectly marvelous 15-1/2 year old girl wants pen-pals from anywhere. I love motorcycles, music, U.F.O.s, Lear Jets, photography, tape recording, and cheese twists. Somebody (anybody) write. I have a brilliant I.Q. of 985 and am presently employed riding shotgun on a garbage truck. (I might get fired for eating up the profits, though!) My hobbies are boating, surfing and brain surgery. Florry Tomasulo (The Great), 22 Avery Avenue, Long Branch, New Jersey 07740.

I'm 18 and possess brown hair and eyes, both dark. I like rhythm and blues, especially Little Anthony; also my yellow Barracuda and water skiing. The only things I dislike are phony people and juvenile delinquents. All letters will be answered, also please enclose picture. Tommy Lee, 3586 Woodsong Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45239.

WANTED FROM EVERYONE—Emblems like those sewn on clothes. Can be any kind. No metal pins please. Service men ATTENTION! I also collect cloth embroidered patches from service uniforms. If you care to give these to an avid collector please send to Linda L. Cash, 525 S.E. Colfax Ave., Wadena, Minn. 56482.

Wanted: girls 18 to 20, long blonde or brunette hair, good figure, good personality. I enjoy all types of sports especially tennis and bowling. I am 6' 1", age 20, weight 174, blue eyes and brown hair. P.F.C. Charles L. White, 2260727, Marine Barracks Box 32-B USNB, c/o F.P.O., New York, N.Y., 09593.

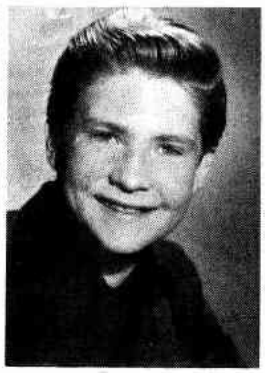
Would like to correspond with cute females from anywhere. Please send picture with reply. My description: 18 yrs., 6' 1", brown hair and blue eyes. Somewhat cultured, but always have room for improvement. Presently a P.F.C. in the Army with the 1st Cavalry Division in the Republic of Viet Nam, that's below the Mason Dixon Line or South Viet Nam, putting it simply. P.F.C. William E. Adkins, RA14928241, Co. C. 2nd Battalion, 5th Cavalry, 1st Air Cav. Div., A.P.O. San Francisco 96490.

Pen pal wanted: Male or female, age 12-14, must like the Monkees. I am 12 years old, 5'1" tall, long brown hair, brown eyes, like swimming, long-haired boys, and mad clothes. Whether you're a boy or girl write to Carmella (Decca) Myers, 406 Fifth Street, Dayton, Kentucky 41074.

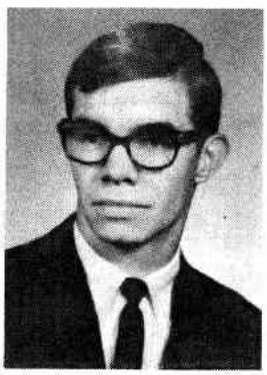
Carmella Myers

Tommy Lee

Jerry Bonnewell

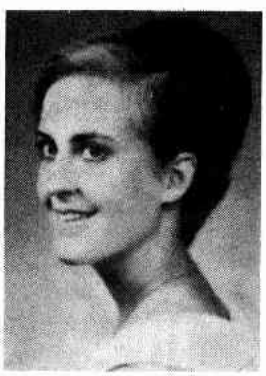


Jim Puca



Danny Dause

William E. Adkins



Virginia Ann Gaston

THE OOOMGLIKK

by B. Wiseman

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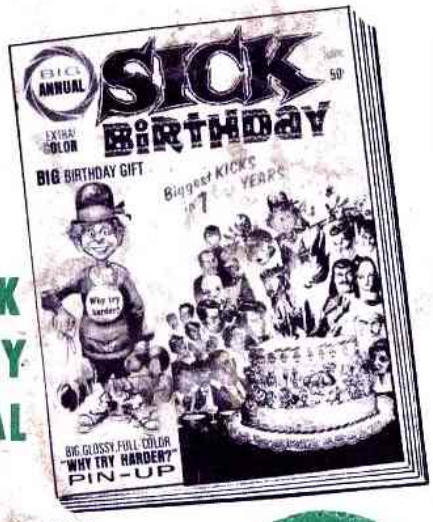

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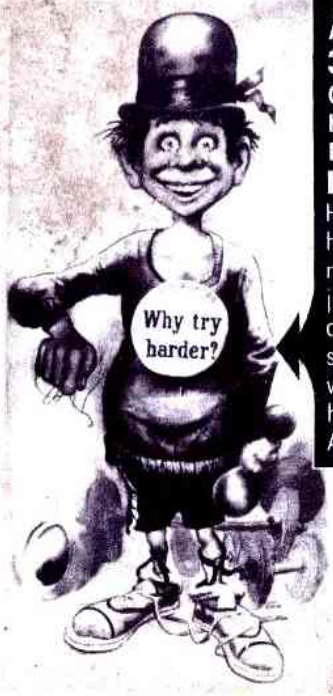
PLUS!



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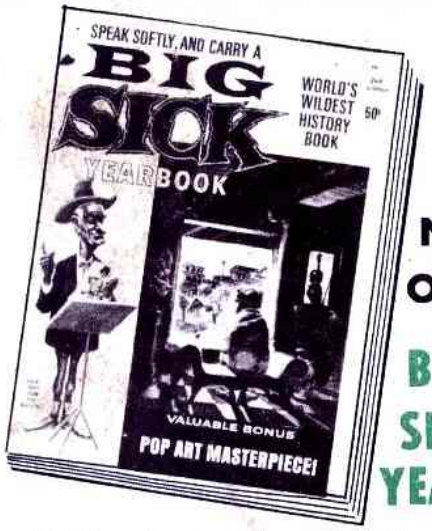

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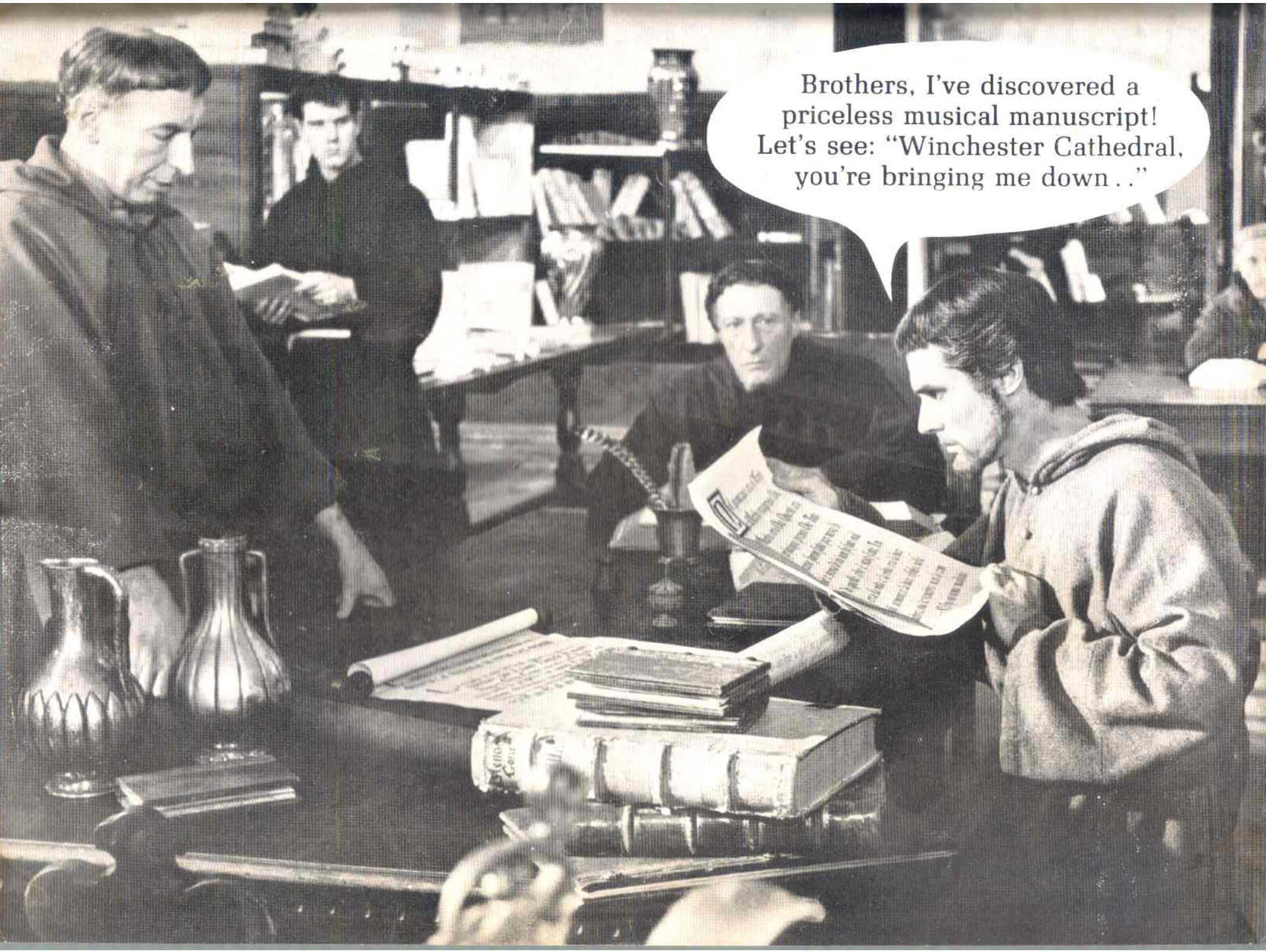
Brothers, I've discovered a priceless musical manuscript! Let's see: "Winchester Cathedral, you're bringing me down . ."

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